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THE  
LIFE AND AMOURS  
OF  
COUNT DE TURENNE.

[Price Two Shillings.]

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THE  
LIFE AND AMOURS  
OF  
COUNT DE TURENNE,

Originally wrote in FRENCH

By the Author of the JEWS LETTERS.

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On Life's vast Ocean diversly we sail:  
Reason the Card; but Passion is the Gale.

POPE.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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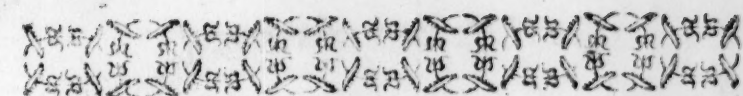
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T H E  
L I F E A N D A M O U R S  
O F  
C O U N T D E T U R E N N E.



C H A P. I.

*Turenne being designed for an ecclesiastick, is sent to a seminary at Paris : After remaining there some time, he falls passionately in love with the countess of Normandy The close of the chapter leaves him preparing for a journey into the country, in company with the countess.*

 F R O M my infancy I was designed by my parents for an ecclesiastick. Tho' descended of a family once rich and noble, I could hardly ever hope to make any considerable figure in the world, as I was

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the youngest of five sons, and my father's circumstances at that time very indifferent. I had an uncle, an abbot, who possessed very valuable benefices, which he was willing to dispose of in my favour: Reason and necessity united in persuading me to enter into orders.

When I had reached the proper age for entering into a seminary, they sent me to Paris: I there began my studies; and as I always had a very strong inclination for learning the sciences, the lessons of my master were not ill bestowed on me. At the age of seventeen I read public lectures on Philosophy, with the greatest applause. I next entered on the study of Theology; and, in my leisure hours, applied myself to the Greek and Hebrew, and in eighteen months made very great progress in the knowledge of those languages.

The applauses, which I received from my superiors, animated me still more: Indeed I was wholly occupied in literary pursuits; and, though I was in my nineteenth year, I was entirely ignorant of  
what

what young people generally call the knowledge of the world. The ideas of women had not yet troubled me in my retreat, and I enjoyed a perfect tranquillity at an age when the heart is generally a prey to the most violent passions. But my situation changed all on a sudden: *Love*, which afterwards caused me a thousand troubles, and influenced all my actions, began to make me sensible of its power: A stratagem was made use of to subdue me, against which neither my reason or experience could hardly be thought capable to protect me.

I sometimes went to the house of one of my relations, called the Countess of Normandy, who was a widow, and, tho' turned of forty years of age, had nevertheless charms capable of moving a heart less susceptible of love than that of a young abbot. My parents had begged the favour of her to have an eye upon my conduct and behaviour, which she had promised them she would do. For the first year of my continuance in the seminary, she contented herself with simply



executing this promise; but afterwards she began, through inclination, to shew me those kindnesses which she had before bestowed on me out of complaisance. She would often reproach me, that I neglected her: "It seems to me, she would sometimes say, as if you were afraid of coming to see me; you pass whole weeks without letting me hear any news of you, notwithstanding you are bound to it by the orders of your Father, and the pains I take in every thing that concerns you: Regard me as a good friend, who deals with you without ceremony.—If any thing disturbs you, make me your confident: True friendship consists in partaking of each others misfortunes.—You are very pensive!—You bear a melancholly aspect!—Does not this dejectedness proceed from a too close application to study? Speak freely, conceal nothing, and assure yourself of my friendship."

The sincere and tender air of the Countess augmented the force of her discourse, and it produced in me certain  
move-

movements, whose cause I could by no means divine. I protested to her, with as much vivacity as I was master of, that I was truly sensible of her favours: I was even so candid and free in my acknowledgments, that it was impossible the Countess, who was well acquainted with the world, a complete mistress of gallantry, and who could so well interpret the language of the heart, should be ignorant of what passed in my breast: But she dared not yet to flatter herself of her conquest, fearing she might mistake friendship for love; and, however desirous she might be of clearing up her doubts in this matter, she no less feared the consequence of too precipitate a step. For three months she was very careful not to discover it, that she might oblige me to make the first advances, and draw me to a confession she judged so necessary for her purpose.

This enterprise of the Countess was replete with difficulties: My timidity and little experience, the respect that I had for her; in short, every thing op-



posed her wishes. Under these hard circumstances, how could she even hope of ever being able to reduce me to the point of making an open confession? and how could I tell her, that I was in love, when I was ignorant of it myself? It is true, I found myself involved in perplexities which were unknown to me till then: My books had no longer their usual charms to allure me; whatever efforts I made to settle myself to my studies were to no purpose; and, in spite of all the reason I was master of, I was carried away by a kind of distraction, which eternally represented to me the image of the Countess. It seemed as though she reproached me with shunning her company, and preferring a painful study to the pleasure of being with her; yet all this opened not my eyes: I dreamed not that I ought to give the name of *Love* to these movements with which I was agitated: I attributed them all to friendship; and so far from penetrating into what passed in the bosom of

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of my friend, I knew not even how to disentangle my own thoughts.

My behaviour, however, was such, notwithstanding all my resolution of endeavouring to smother the passion kindled in my breast, as must have convinced a woman less experienced than the Countess was, that I was not indifferent. My respect, my confusion in speaking to her, the colour which rose in my face whenever she turned her eyes on me, my particular care to please her, and my visits which were now become more frequent, were all indisputable marks of the disorder of my mind.

My age and situation made the Countess hope I should at last distinguish love from friendship: She flattered herself, that, when I should arrive at a sense of my condition, it would be impossible for me to conceal it; and that, surmounting my timidity, I should break that silence which was so disagreeable to her:—But she was deceived in these conjectures; for the reflection which I made when I discovered that my respects for the Countess,

tefs were amorous, turned on the method how I should conceal them, fearing she should discover a secret that would draw on me rather her hatred than her good graces: I therefore became still more reserved. I knew so little of the world, and especially of the character of women, that I suspected a declaration of love was an affront to her to whom it was offered. I regarded as a temerity, worthy of the highest degree of punishment, my having dared to lift up my eyes in amorous glances on the woman whom I ought to respect.—What is my design, thought I, in loving the Countess? My greatest happiness is, that she is ignorant of my folly. An outrageous disdain on her part, would be the just reward of the affront, which an open declaration of my weakness would give her!

This opinion, in which I was confirmed by a timidity inseparable from one of my age, for a time ruined all the projects of the Countess. I resolved to make an effort to forget her; and, in order to banish her from my heart, I confined

fixed myself more closely to the college. I passed even fifteen whole days, without going to see her; but it was impossible for me any longer to deprive myself of the sight of her. These fifteen days had appeared to me like so many ages; and absence, instead of diminishing my passion, had rather served to augment it. Why, said I, do I thus obstinately prolong my misery? I plainly perceive that it is impossible for me to efface the image of the Countess from my heart: It is there too deeply engraven; and since it is my indispensable lot to love her, is it not better to alleviate my misfortunes with the pleasure of seeing her, than by vainly endeavouring to forget her? So long as I shall be able to conceal my passion from the Countess, it cannot offend her; and, however violent that passion may be, my fear and respect will always be greater.

Fixed in this resolution, I went to see the Countess: She was very uneasy, and knew not to what to attribute my long absence: She reproached me in the language

guage of a lover, under the veil of friendship.—“Ah! what, my dear Turenne, said she to me, have you then entirely forgot me? I even supposed that you hated me. I was a long time considering if I had done any thing worthy of forfeiting your friendship: Is it possible, that you have passed fifteen days without letting me hear the least news of you! I had many times an inclination for sending to the college to enquire after you; but I must confess, my pride would not permit me. I apprehend there is a certain degree of delicacy in friendship, like that which arises from love, and that each of them are equally offended with indifference. I have now entertained an opinion, that a true friend is sometimes as jealous of the respect paid her, as a mistress. Is this then, said I to myself an hundred times, that Turenne, who pretended to have the most perfect esteem for me! He is at Paris, lives near me, and yet passes whole weeks without even giving himself the trouble of enquiring whether I might be alive

or



or dead! Do not think I will easily pardon such an offence!"

I was so much disconcerted by my former reflections, to which were now added those raised by the discourse of the Countess, that I scarce knew whether I had the proper use of my senses. Her eyes, which she fixed upon me, obliged me to turn mine away; for I feared her looks as much as her reproaches. At last, however, having recovered my scattered spirits, I endeavoured to justify my conduct, but I succeeded so badly, I betrayed so many marks of confusion, and the disorder I was in was so visible, that no room was left for the Countess to doubt of her conquest. She however thought it proper, at this time, not to push matters to extremities: It was necessary for her to suspend her victory for a time, in order to make it the compleater: She was one of too much experience in love to be desirous of too hastily calming the storm she had raised in my breast: The different amours she had been engaged in had taught her not to be too hasty in these

these matters. For want of having followed this maxim, one of her former lovers, to whom she had hearkened too soon, too soon likewise ceased that language. It would not, perhaps, have been difficult for her, to have drawn from me a confession of what I so carefully endeavoured to conceal: But, perhaps too, I should have the less esteemed her, when I came to consider how little the happiness I should have then enjoyed had cost me, and how easily I had persuaded her to love me.

The Countess had before experienced with what ardour men generally pursue victory, and that the more it costs them the more they esteem it: It would therefore have been very imprudent in her, at that time, to have made me explain myself openly, considering what must have been the consequence of my confession, had she hearkened favourably thereto; for, however amorous I was, such a conduct would certainly have surprised me. Brought up and educated in a seminary, I was far from knowing  
or



or believing, that a Woman, by laws established in gallantry, could in security of conscience exempt herself from a ridiculous ceremony, which was calculated merely to deceive those who have not knowledge enough to see they are deceived: I was ignorant that this coy behaviour of the Countess was nothing more than a mask, which, generally, the third or fourth interview throws aside. Custom has since taught me that I was a dupe to my prejudices: I have however remarked, that these matters have been pushed too far, and that, not content with retrenching unnecessary ceremonies, they have even suppressed decency itself.

The Countess had, more than once, given into these excesses; but then her former lovers were less timid, and more experienced in those matters, than I was. It is in love as in war; a general ought to be acquainted with the abilities of his soldiers; and a woman, dexterous in intrigues, should penetrate into the character of her lovers: Militia men must not

be treated like regulars, and a young scholastic must be managed in a manner different from a colonel of dragoons: Resistance totally defeats the one, whilst on the other hand it animates the other, provided he be permitted to hope.

The Countess, however, acted the part of a wise and prudent woman; she gave me time to recover myself from the confusion I was in, and seemed to take no notice of the disorder so visible on my countenance: She pretended to attribute that to the want of politeness, which she knew proceeded only from love; and perceiving I had recovered my wandering spirits, she thought it expedient, at this critical juncture, to secure my affections, by giving me some reason to hope for success, and to prevent me ever more from attempting to heal, by absence, the wound love had made in my heart.

This last manœuvre was at least as well executed as the first. The marks which I had just now given her of my passion, made her suspect that I was endeavouring to defeat it: She supposed, that if

I was

I was capable of absenting myself fifteen days from the sight of her, it was not impossible but that I might make some bolder attempt, and quit her for ever. As this apprehension gave her the greatest uneasiness, she was consequently the more anxious to remove it. She thought it absolutely necessary to improve the favourable opportunity that then offered of securing me to herself, by giving me to understand, by a particular kind of behaviour, not easily to be expressed, that she might one day love me, and that it was not so difficult a task as I seemed to imagine.

After having, for some time, kept up an obliging conversation, she descended to a more particular subject, and, under the veil of friendship, used the most tender language.—There is a way, said she, of obtaining pardon for the fault you have committed: I will forgive you, if you will spend six weeks with me at my country seat. You will, near that place, meet with young students, who take every opportunity of enjoying the

pleasures of that charming solitude: I am obliged to go and spend a month or two there. The learning of the rural arts, and assisting me in the business I may be engaged in, shall serve you instead of repentance, for the error you have committed, by your absence: I will impose no other penance on you.

This proposition, made by the Countess, bore too pleasing an aspect to be refused. I saw very well to what dangers I should be exposed, and that my passion would acquire new forces; but this idea was not capable of deterring me from accepting the opportunity of passing six weeks with the object of my passion. I promised the Countess every thing she demanded. She desired me to get ready by the end of the week, and for that purpose I asked leave of my superior, who consented with pleasure.

*The end of the first chapter.*



## CHAP. II.

*The Countess, in company with Turenne, arrives at her country seat. The conversation that passes between them at their first arrival there.*

HAVING obtained leave of my superior for a few weeks, as I just now observed, we set out on our journey; the Countess, her steward, waiting-maid, and myself. We arrived at our retreat about six hours after our setting out from Paris, from whence it was not above fifteen miles.

The charming air of the country, as I had before suspected, augmented my tenderness: Every thing seemed to invite me to love: Liberty, tranquillity, and a sweet reverie, which solitude inspired, rendered the triumph of the Countess complete. Several days passed in this delightful retreat, in a language and



behaviour foreign to either of our purposes. I was amorous to a madness; but always timid, and very far from thinking of ever making a confession of my passion.

The Countess had not brought me into the country with a view to induce me to keep my passion a secret; she was rather desirous of my making an open confession, and was only perplexed to find out a method to bring it about. I attributed to friendship, all the advances she made me, and ruined every effort of the Countess through my inadvertency. She knew not what to think of me; and had almost despaired of ever making me perceive that she loved me, unless she should speak openly. She often wished, for her own happiness as well as mine, that I had but half the experience of some of her former lovers, who had preceded me. What care and pains should I not have saved her? However, she at last made herself easy, by attributing every thing to my want of penetration.

Love

Love pitied our cruel situation in this variety of embarrassments, and at length taught us how, properly, to embrace the favourable opportunity that then offered, which we had hitherto lavished away in ceremonies foreign to each of our desires. We sometimes walked together in the gardens, and frequently down a shady walk, which terminated on the banks of the Seine. One day, as we were seated on a green turf, contemplating the course of that river, we both fell into a sweet reverie, and sat a full quarter of an hour without speaking a single word to each other. The Countess broke silence first: It seems to me (said she, smiling) that we are determined to give a free course to our imaginations. Were any body to see us, thus buried in thought, they would immediately conclude, that our minds were strongly occupied with some striking idea: There are even some people, who would not scruple to say, we were amorous: True, indeed, it is, that those who are so appear pensive and thoughtful. As for me,



me, continued she, I am very well persuaded that one may put on this melancholy air, and yet let love have no share in it; for I am certain, at present it has nothing to do with me: I am as certain also of your heart as of my own, and that love is a passion unknown in a seminary.

A conversation, dexterously chosen, is a capital assistant to a woman, who would reduce a timid lover to the point of explaining himself clearly: It gives birth to so many circumstances, and affords so many different ideas, that it is impossible but that the mind, in this situation, should find some favourable opportunity of conquering its timidity.

These discourses of the Countess produced the effects she wished for. I know not, said I to her, if love is such a stranger in seminaries as you seem to think. I really believe there is no heart secure from the stings of that passion: Should a man, to avoid love's fatal power, remove far from the sight of women, and determine in himself never to behold them;

them; should he, by some unforeseen accident, fall in the way of one of them, his liberty would run no less danger: One glance of the eye might destroy in a moment the precautions of many years. Has not love often slipped into the cells of hermits, and rendered all their care ineffectual?

You speak, replied the Countess, with so much assurance of the power of love, that I am almost persuaded to think that it is not wholly unknown to you. I now recollect, continued she, that I have observed in you some moments of melancholy, which confirm me in my opinion. I desire nothing of you, but that you take me for your confidant. If it should be true, that you are in love, I shall be no less your friend, provided that you do not forget your friendship towards me, and that I lose nothing by that change.

I am sensible (replied I, with a faint voice, and trembling) that my good opinion of you would not, in the least, be lessened, it would rather be increased.

increased. Is it impossible, madam, to join love with friendship, and not have, at the same time, the tenderness of a lover and the zeal of a friend?

The confused manner in which I pronounced these last words, made the Countess pity me. Being willing to give me some sparks of comfort, without appearing to perceive my disorder; I agree, said she, with what you say; but it cannot be in my favour you would unite such sentiments as these; at least, I have done nothing hitherto that can merit them; and, however pleasing they may appear to me, I shall always doubt their sincerity, untill your tongue shall confirm them to be true.

This was speaking clearly, and giving me a fine opportunity of conquering my timidity. I ventured not, however, as yet, to explain myself clearly; and she was obliged to make her advances in more particular terms. A true confession, said I to her, is frequently dangerous: Always fearful of displeasing by it, infinite pains are endured by keep-  
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ing silence : In this cruel embarrassment it is difficult on what to determine. Amidst such a multitude of uncertainties, fear and timidity are generally triumphant : The resolution of concealing the truth is generally taken ; perhaps it is the worst resolution.

We must not then, said the Countess, take such a resolution : To be fearful of satisfying ourselves in any matter that nearly concerns us, is surely a weakness we ought at all times to avoid : Uncertainty is, of all pains, the most cruel.

It is less so, replied I, than that of learning our fate, which abandons us to eternal despair : It is sometimes a happiness to be ignorant of our destiny. It is sometimes also a great folly, replied the Countess, to remain perplexed in doubts, when we have it in our power to remove them : An infinite number of evils might frequently be avoided, by a candid and open confession of the truth ; this maxim is more certain in affairs of the heart than in any other. Can you imagine (however passionate a  
woman

woman may be) that she will condescend to speak first, and to expose herself, by her imprudence, to a disdainful reply? We will suppose, for example, that I had conceived an affection for you, and was so weak as to make an impartial confession, and as unfortunate to find you insensible: The affront I should conceive would put an end to my days amidst a load of shame and confusion: The idea of it makes me tremble! No, Turenne, there is nothing so humbling for a woman, as to be obliged to make the first declarations of love: Women only can receive, must never pay their addresses.

These last words of the Countess, which were accompanied with the most tender and expressive looks, inspired me with courage: Her eyes, which she constantly turned towards me, instructed me, by their sweet language, to put a period to these imaginary fears: They seemed to reproach me of the precious time I had lost. I now, for the first time, hearkened to their dictates, and executed what they directed me to. — If I  
confess



confess to you, said I to the Countess, that you are the sole mistress of my heart; that the passion I have for you is an inestimable jewel; if I swear it will be impossible for me to live, unless you repay my affections with suitable returns, shall I not have reason to repent of my temerity in making this faithful confession; shall I not regret the uncertainty in which I lived; and shall I not have reason to wish I had kept in eternal silence the secret I have now revealed?

My declaration was so clear and precise, that (though the Countess might reasonably expect, after having pushed matters so far, it would be impossible for me to conceal my passion much longer) it greatly surprised her: She did not imagine that I should have put her in my turn to the necessity of speaking undisguisedly. Though she dared not to shew marks of displeasure, yet she was desirous, however, of saving appearances. There is a kind of decorum which most women preserve on the like occasions: There are certain ceremonies in love

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which are by no means to be dispensed with.

Th-Countess, before she condescended to answer me, affected to put on a dejected countenance, and appear quite disconcerted; she endeavoured to blush, but, finding it too difficult, she for a minute covered her face with a fan. My simplicity, and little knowledge of the world, made me fear that I really had offended her: I trembled with apprehension of the judgment I supposed was now going to be passed on me. At last, she languishingly turned her eyes towards me, and, after letting a sigh escape, says to me, I did not think, Turenne, that our conversation would have ended in reducing me to the necessity either of displeasing you, and incurring your hatred (which must be the natural consequence of a denial on my part) or of confessing to you a secret which I have hitherto endeavoured to conceal from myself; but, since you have now reduced me to this difficult extremity of saying something, I must confess to you, if it is true that your heart is smitten with  
render



tender sentiments for me, the offer that you make has nothing in it that can displease me: But, however sincere my good opinion of you may be, I know not how to depend on one of your little experience in life: If you love me truly, I have every thing to fear from your indiscretion; you will never be able to keep so great a guard over yourself, as to conceal your passion from the world; the public cannot be a long time before they must perceive it: On the other hand, if your passion for me is but a momentary flame, your inconstancy will alarm me. Thus involved in doubt and perplexity, only two reasonable expedients appear; the one for you to forget you have loved me, and the other for me to banish you for ever from my heart. See, Turenne, my situation. I appeal to you as judge of my cause; I rely wholly on you to determine it.

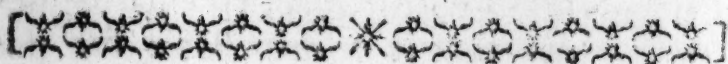
Alas! must I be your judge? replied I to the Countess. Certain I am, that if you are indifferent, I can no longer bear life: It would have perhaps been possible

for me to have supported my misfortunes had I always kept them a secret; but since you now know them, there is no longer a medium for me: I die, if I lose the hopes of pleasing you, and am the most happy of mortals, if I can by any means obtain your good graces.

This discourse, which was merely the dictates of love, and of which my mouth was in reality nothing more than the echo, gave infinite pleasure to the Countess: She saw, with a secret satisfaction, that she had at last found the way to my heart. She applauded the power of her own charms; and, of all the conquests she had made, mine appeared to be the most amiable. My candour and sincerity augmented her passion. She endeavoured, for some time, to support the character of the prude, but was not able to maintain it, the vivacity of her sentiments preventing her. She regarded me tenderly, and, for the first time, blushed indeed. I must then, said she, submit to the will of fate: It has decreed—I must love you, since your life is attached to my tenderness.

ness. The fear of losing you alarms me so strongly, that it is impossible for me any more to think of banishing you from my heart. After these words, the Countess stretched out her hand in a negligent manner, and without affectation. Assist me, said she, and let us return into the house: This walk has, perhaps, been too fatal to my tranquillity: Who knows where it may end!

I took the Countess by the hand, and assisted her to rise, who seemed with regret to quit the turf on which she was seated. We quitted the charming banks of the Seine, and took the first walk that led to the house.



## CHAP. III.

*In this chapter, the modesty and virtue of Turenne fall a sacrifice to the artful intrigues of the Countess of Normandy. In the latter part, growing weary of the favours the Countess had bestowed on him, he falls deeply in love with Fanneton, her waiting maid.*

WE were no sooner returned into the house, than we sat down to table. During the whole time we were at supper, my eyes ceased not to repeat to the Countess what my mouth had but just before uttered. I had, all on a sudden, learned a language which had been till then entirely unknown to me; and, by one of those miracles reserved to love, I advanced more by a well timed glance of the eye, than I could otherwise have done by the most tender discourses.

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The Countess was so far smitten herself, that she was fearful of falling into that indiscretion, of which she had before been apprehensive in me, on account of my youth: It was more visible in her than she apprehended; and she gave me such strong marks of what passed in her heart, that it was impossible but the servants, who attended us, should perceive it. It seemed to me, as if that prudence, which she had hitherto on all occasions maintained, had now entirely forsaken her, and that she had given up herself wholly to the pleasure of loving me: Her manner spoke it as perfectly as her looks, and whether it might be that she was no longer capable of concealing the disorder of her mind, or that she had resolved to spend no more time to such little purpose as she had hitherto done, she no longer kept any guard over herself.

As soon as we had supped, and the servants were retired, she turned directly on the conversation that had passed in the garden. I must confess to you, Turenne, said she to me, that when I reflect on the  
discourse



discourse which has passed between us, I am sometimes tempted to believe, that you have made a declaration without having had any real design of pleasing me; and, perhaps, without my having even pleased you. This idea chagrined me: I endeavoured to reject it; but it returned again in spite of me. A ridiculous custom now prevails, for a young fellow to tell a woman he is in love with her; because, without this he thinks he cannot speak to her; he supposes by this to flatter her vanity, and though she is assured of the contrary, her pride is always pleased therewith. A declaration of love is at this day made in France with as little ceremony or sincerity as we compliment a friend on meeting him first in the morning: Nothing more of consequence is drawn from the one, than from the other. I confess, it would give me no small uneasiness, were you to plead the privilege of this custom. It would be a sad thing for a person, who acts with so much sincerity as I do, to take for realities the simple ceremonies which the custom

custom of the world authorises. If your heart speaks not truly, let us maintain our former indifference: I then shall not be grieved that you have followed the ordinary train of the rest of the world. Your sincerity, on the other hand, will put you in possession of my esteem; but you will never be able to obtain that again, should you once lose it by abusing my credulity.

This imaginary fear of the Countess was a snare, into which others more knowing than myself could not but have fallen. I answered by saying every thing that I thought was capable of persuading her; I assured her, that my passion for her was the strongest and most delicate. She would seem sometimes to be affected by my discourse; but, in a moment, would fall into her former state of uncertainty. You are young, said she to me; inconstancy, infidelity, and perjury, are natural to men of your age.

Ah! madam, replied I, you drive me to despair. What must I then do to convince you of my sincerity? Will you  
not

not give credit to my oaths? You suspect me of dissimulation, when I discover to you the true sentiments of my heart: I have no other hopes left than in your pity. Having said these last words, I threw myself at her knees: She endeavoured to raise me up; but I fixed my mouth upon one of her hands, which I bathed with my tears.

What a situation was this for so tender and passionate a woman as the Countess of Normandy! She had often been engaged in amorous intrigues; but this was entirely new to her. She had often observed these airs affected by false and inconstant rakes; but had never before tasted the pleasure of drying up those tears, of which true tenderness was the source. She forgot in a moment that she had ever before loved; and believed herself to feel, for the first time, the movements of a passion, which had never been known to her under the mask of coquetry. Rise, said she to me, I will believe whatever you please; I now renounce all my doubts. It is done, Turenne, you  
are

are entirely master of my heart: Extend your claims to what boundaries you please: You are loved, as much as you love. Pray Heaven you never may abuse the tenderness you have inspired me with!

Ah! Madam, said I, can you imagine I shall ever be forgetful of the bounties I now receive? I cannot bear the thoughts of it! However young I may be, fear nothing either from my inconstancy or indiscretion.

As for your indiscretion (replied the Countess, blushing exceedingly) I believe you too honest a man ever to publish the favours which my love cannot refuse you: But, Turenne (continued she, looking on me tenderly, and fixing her eyes upon mine) when the heart is truly smitten, love justifies its weakness: It is impossible to love truly, and be always able to defend ourselves.

The Countess explained herself clearly, as she had resolved to conclude matters this very night, and put an end to her wearisome longings. She had been accustomed to much less ceremony: It appeared



appeared strange to her, to be so long in a country-house with a lover, and live so chaste. The hour of bed-time came; and love had made such progress in my heart, that it had completely conquered my timidity. Before I took leave of the Countess, or retired to my own apartment, I made her sensible, that a scholastic was her lover, with whose merits she had been till then unacquainted. She was so free to my passion, that I found myself in a condition which had been till then unknown to me, and which appeared so pleasing, that, when we were recovered from our first transports, we seemed, with regret, to recollect the use of our senses. \* \* \* \* \*

Amidst this vast sea of delight, the Countess was the first who broke silence. Will you for ever love me, said she to me, my Turenne, and will you never prove inconstant? What say I! continued she, Can I think I am for ever to enjoy these pleasures? My misery and happiness are actually in your hands; your fidelity only can excuse my weakness.

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The Countess then feigned to shed some tears, put her fan before her face, sighed, and did all she could to persuade me, that she had not thus given up herself, had not some secret charm, some inauspicious demon, over-ruled her at that instant. I swore she was the most virtuous woman in all Paris, and agreed with her in every thing she said.

My vanity was excessively flattered on having reduced so wise and delicate a beauty: I conceived from this moment a great opinion of my merit, and regarded myself as an illustrious man, and capable of executing great projects among the women. These ideas, which, by degrees, grew bolder and bolder, were at last pernicious to the Countess, but, in the early days of my intrigue with her, I was so strongly occupied in the freedom she had given me, that I had sworn with all the faith in the world, I should love her all my life: Grown bold by the first favours, love had instructed me to take without asking.

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This new method of acting displeased not the Countess, who found her advantage in it. I begin to think, she would sometimes say to me, that you really love me, and that I shall not by my favours make you inconstant: I find in your love a vivacity that convinces me of the truth of it: So much warmth is not the token of infidelity. These discourses produced their effect, I signalized myself more and more, and gave her fresh marks of my constancy.

However, it happened, that what she regarded as the mark of my sincerity, in the end proved the cause of my infidelity: A too great abundance of pleasures began to render them less sensible, and less pleasing. I endeavoured to conquer this distaste as soon as I perceived it; but was surpris'd to find, all on a sudden, that my respects for her were not only greatly diminished, but that there were certain moments when she even appeared disagreeable. At last, Love, which had made her mistress of my heart, totally banished her from thence. Instead of  
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the Countess it presented to my eyes her young chambermaid, whom I saw every day, I may say, almost every hour. Had the Countess been able to have seen into what was shortly to come to pass, she would, no doubt, have plucked from her bosom the serpent that soon after stung her.

Janneton (for that was the girl's name) was but seventeen years of age; the beauty of her youth shone on her countenance with a dazzling lustre. I had not perceived the effect of it while my mind was occupied on the Countess; but, as soon as the favours she had granted me had calmed the violence of my passion, I turned my eyes upon Janneton. I was struck with her beauty; the colour of her cheeks, the regularity of her features, and a certain inclination, which I could then no ways account for, drew my attention towards her. I often wished that her mistress was as young as she was: I believe (I would say to myself) that my love for her would be stronger, if I could find in the Countess that conformity of

age which was between me and Janneton. It is true, continued I, that birth, rank, and condition, ought to persuade me to love the Countess. But, after all, is wealth to be the standard of our actions in love affairs? When pride determines the motions of the heart, tenderness and real affections act very feebly.

These reflections, to which I very often gave myself up, proved of bad consequence to the Countess. I became amorous of Janneton; and my passion for her was the more violent, as I was obliged to endeavour perpetually to conceal it: I dared not even (as lovers term it) to speak with my eyes: The Countess was so learned in that language, that she would certainly have detected me in the first attempt; and, had she perceived the least inclination in me towards Janneton, she would have immediately discharged her, by which means I should have lost all possibility of ever seeing her again. Had I broke off with the Countess, my affairs would have been reduced to a worse situation: I should have been obliged



obliged to return to the college, the fatigues of which, after so much pleasure and amusement, appeared to me almost insupportable. In this cruel situation, in which I then found myself, I took the resolution of concealing my trouble, and of endeavouring to give the Countess fresh proofs of my love: So that she suspected nothing of the secret I endeavoured to conceal.

Thus I lived in a violent constraint; and, during the six weeks, which had passed since my arrival there, the eight first days, in which my love for the Countess was in its full force, was the only time in which I had enjoyed any real happiness. The passion which now preyed upon me, the fear with which I concealed it, and the little hopes I had of being beloved of Janneton, made such an impression on my mind, that, in spite of all my endeavours, it was impossible for me to conceal a part of my melancholy from the Countess. She was alarmed at it, and knew not to what cause to attribute it: She demanded the reason of it.



with eagerness: What has been the matter with you, said she to me, for these few days past? I find in you a melancholy air, which fills me with apprehensions. Ah! Turenne, are the misfortunes I formerly suffered now on the eve of happening again? Does your love grow cold? Is this dark chagrin the fore-runner of your inconstancy, and ought I look for the loss of your heart?

To remove these suspicions of the Countess, I pretended to have the head-ach. I apprehended it would be better for me to affect a slight indisposition, than absolutely to deny I had any thing that troubled me: My uneasiness would have appeared in spite of me, and I should have augmented her suspicions rather than have removed them. The Countess proposed to me all the remedies she thought capable of relieving me from my disorder; but, as the tenderness of Janeton was the only thing that could heal me, what was applied to palliate my disorder, afforded me no kind of relief. I continued to conceal my affections, and  
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pined in secret, without ever hoping for any change in fortune.



#### CHAP. IV.

*Turenne continues desperately in love with Fanneton, to whom he at last finds an opportunity of disclosing his passion, and is happy in meeting with a favourable return.*

**W**HILST I was thus experiencing the most cruel severities of fortune, my situation changed in a manner as extraordinary as it was sudden: From the load of misfortunes which had just now oppressed me, I found myself on a sudden raised to the highest pitch of happiness. The Countess was obliged to return to Paris within three weeks, to pay a visit to a lady, whose house was about three miles distant from hers. The Countess proposed to me to accompany her thither; but, having conceived some hopes

hopes of being able to speak to Janneton during the absence of her mistress, I entreated the Countess to excuse me; the pain of my head served me for an excuse. It is with regret (said she to me, consenting to my request) that I must quit you for two days: I shall be obliged to lie at the Countess of Lignac's; and however desirous I may be of returning to-night, I am sure I shall find it impossible to get away 'till to-morrow.

I assured the Countess that I should pass those moments in sorrow during which I should be removed from her; and I acted my part so well, that she believed me as much grieved, as I was easy, at her departure. I gave her my hand to assist her into the coach; and, as soon as she was gone, I entered into the hall where the Countess and I generally passed part of the day together. I there found Janneton busied in bordering a gown for her mistress. As soon as she perceived me, she was going to retire. Am I the cause (said I to her, trembling) of your leaving the hall? If so, I had  
much

much rather go out, and pass a little time in the garden. I was afraid, replied she, of being troublesome to you: This was the only reason, Sir, that induced me to think of retiring.

Can a person, said I, so amiable and beautiful as you are, be a disagreeable companion? Would not any person esteem himself happy in beholding such beautiful eyes as yours are? Sir, replied Janneton, I did not expect so handsome a compliment from you, and more especially since I merit it so little: You must certainly think you are speaking to my mistress, as this is one of those encomiums you so justly bestow upon her. The scornful air with which Janneton pronounced these last words, made me believe that she knew more than I thought of my manner of living with the Countess. She really knew the whole of the affair, and had no small interest in discovering that mystery. Had I been able to divine, what pains and disquietudes might I not have avoided!

Love,



Love, by one of those mysteries which are so common to it, had made me master of the heart of Janneton, without my knowing or suspecting any thing of the matter: On the other hand, she was mistress of mine, which was likewise unknown to her. We both of us in secret bewailed our hard fortune, without knowing that the first declaration would have put an end to our misery. Janneton, as I before said, was but seventeen years of age; and, being naturally of a tender disposition, saw with no small emotions the favours bestowed on me by the Countess: The taste of her mistress had determined hers; and nothing but the fear of displeasing her hindered her from imitating her example. Thus each of us suffered, without daring to mention our passion, and the Countess enjoyed, with the greatest tranquillity, the fruits of our fears.

As I suspected that Janneton had penetrated into what had passed between her mistress and me, I defended but weakly the reproaches she made me; for,

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I was not willing to expose my sincerity to suspicion, by denying a thing she was so certain of, as I might then fear she would be cautious of believing me on any other occasion. It is true, said I, beautiful Janneton, that I have not hitherto dared to bestow the praises upon you, which I have lavished elsewhere, but I was apprehensive of making you uneasy by discovering the sentiments of my heart: Had you been able to perceive what passed there, you would have seen how much I acted with constraint: The Countess of Normandy was the altar at which I sacrificed, but you was the divinity to whom I addressed my vows. When I assured her that I thought her charming, your image appeared to my mind; and I dare swear, that, without you, I should not, for any long time, have had power enough to have told her, she even appeared amiable.

Indeed, replied Janneton, your declaration is mighty pretty! One may regard it as something entirely of a new taste: You pretend to declare yourself amorous  
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of me, by paying your address to another. Do not say (replied I, with much vivacity) that I paid my addresses to another, but that I pretended to do so. I will say, replied Janneton, whatever you please; but I shall always maintain (continued she, blushing) that it is a bad method to please any one by appearing smitten with another. I must confess to you, that if I had entertained any tenderness for a lover, who acted in that manner, I should do every thing in my power to banish him from my remembrance. If there is a way, replied I, to please you, by offering a heart which cannot be divided, I flatter myself, beautiful Janneton, that I shall not be any long time indifferent to you: I dare venture to swear, that there will be no room left for you to suspect me of the slightest infidelity. To possess your heart, I would, if it were possible, sacrifice all the women in the universe.

You speak with so confident an air, said Janneton, that, if I knew not how to take care of myself, I might run some danger of

of falling into the snare.—But, we have carried this subject too far already: Let us put an end, if you please, to this conversation, which can prove of no advantage to either you or myself: My mistress did not believe, when she left you here, that you would be so little occupied with thoughts of her in her absence. No, my dear Janneton, replied I, it is impossible for me to keep silence: I have already said too much to be able henceforth to forbear; my fate is in your hands, it is your love or indifference must decide it: If I am indifferent to you, if you can view me in the condition to which I am reduced without pitying me, I will immediately return to the college, and there end my days: I will renounce all thoughts of happiness from this fatal moment in which I am so unfortunate: If, on the contrary, my vows are agreeable to you, if I have the happiness of obtaining your heart, I am ready to undertake any thing; there is no condition or profession I will not embrace, as soon as I shall be able to assure myself of the pleasure of never being se-

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parated from you. At these words I threw myself at her knees, and taking, in spite of her, one of her beautiful hands, which I pressed between mine, Are you without pity, said I, and must I expire with grief at your feet?

So much warmth and tenderness could not fail of moving the heart of Janneton. Love had already prepossessed her in my favour; she burned in secret with a flame which she obstinately endeavoured to conceal. How could she be able to resist these new attacks? She turned her eyes down towards me, and there fixed them, trembling; but turned them away whenever they met mine. I know not, said she, what answer I ought to give you: I am not willing to displease you; nor would I willingly take such a step as might bring on me infinite disasters. What can either of us hope to receive from our mutual tenderness? It will only serve to make us unfortunate: Besides, the anger and rage of my mistress ought to make us apprehensive of a thousand dangers: Your condition too is an inseparable



parable barrier to our love: You are destined to live in a seminary, into which you must speedily return; let us not love, merely that we may know the grief of parting. I cannot act like my mistress, who finds resources to console herself of the loss or absence of a lover: Since I have been with her, you are not the only one, for whom I have seen her express the tenderest marks of affection; but, so far from imitating her conduct, I am certain I should die with grief, were I obliged to banish you from my heart, after having once made you master thereof. Fear not, said I, that I ever shall prove unfaithful: To convince you how sincere I am in my affections for you, I am ready from this moment to give you the strongest proofs of a true tenderness: My condition displeases you, you are fearful I shall be removed from you; well, I am ready to quit it, and to follow you into the most distant places: Content with becoming your husband, satisfied with possessing you, I will sacrifice without regret the expectations I have from my family: I



am sensible, that in offering you my hand, I offer you no brilliant fortune; but, as you cannot expect, considering the situation in which fortune has so unjustly placed you, a better offer than that which I now make you, accept a heart which lives only for you.

My discourse greatly affected Janneton: She, as well as myself, perceived no time was to be lost: The return of the Countess would throw us again into our former embarrassments, and reduce us to that hard restraint which had already made us suffer so much. She was going to answer me favourably, according to all appearances, when we heard somebody coming into the hall: It was the steward, who came to give her a letter, which was sent from Paris to her mistress: She took it, and smiled upon reading the direction. When the person who had brought it was gone out, I had the curiosity to ask her what made her smile on the receipt of the letter. This letter, said she to me, is a billet from your predecessor: I know his hand-writing, because

cause I have often seen his letters; I have even carried many myself from my mistress, which she has sent me with to him, in answer to those he had sent her. The Countess thought herself happy, in that she supposed I took them for letters on family affairs; but I knew too well what were the contents of them, to be a dupe to all the tales that she told me.

Whatever may be, replied I, the conduct of your mistress, I am so little concerned with it, that her indifference, and even her hatred, appear to me a happiness; every moment my love increases for you, and my antipathy for her. You must, dear Janneton, pronounce my happiness or misery. The little time we have of remaining by ourselves, obliges me to press you to declare your sentiments; whatever may be the fate you reserve for me, my resolution is taken, that the Countess of Normandy shall never see me here again. If you love me, we must properly make use of this night: We are alone, we can easily go out of the house when we will: Let us go to Paris,

we will there conceal ourselves for some time. I will collect what money I can, and from thence we will transport ourselves to some foreign country, where we shall have nothing to fear either from the anger of your mistress, or of my family. If, on the contrary, nothing can move you, I will depart hence in an hour, and go and shut myself up for ever in my sorrowful seminary. The most solitary and dismal retreat will be the most agreeable to me, as I shall give myself up entirely to the pleasure of thinking of you, and that, in spite of your cruelty, your image shall be eternally present in my mind.

The firm resolution in which Janneton saw me, the grief of losing me in an instant, the hopes which I had given her of always loving her; and lastly, the love she had for me, determined her to conquer all her scruples. You push me to extremities, said she to me; sure there is no situation more cruel than mine: I cannot conceal it, since you force me to confess it, that you are not indifferent to me; from the first moment I saw you, I per-

perceived a secret trouble, but the cause I could by no means divine; tho' it was not a long time before I discovered it: The pleasure I had of seeing you when you came to visit the Countess, and the grief I felt when you returned to the seminary, informed me clearly that you were the only cause of it. This discovery surpris'd me extreamly; I endeavour'd to stifle a passion, the bad consequences of which might be easily foreseen. I form'd the design of eternally concealing from you the secret of my heart; and I was the more confirm'd in this resolution when I discovered the inclination of my mistress for you; but, I must confess to you, that in spite of the design I had form'd of entirely forgetting you, I could not help being moved with spite and jealousy, which increas'd when I found you return'd her tenderness in a manner which could not fail of pleasing her. Judge how great my punishment must be, when I was oblig'd every day to be eye-witness of the happiness of my mistress. To relieve my misfortunes, I endeavour'd



deavoured to recall my reason, subdue my jealousy, and act the prudent part; perhaps I was on the eve of recovering my liberty. By what fatality is it then that you now come to renew my wounds, and in the moment when it would have been happy for me had I learned you hated me? You awake all my tenderness by the most flattering promises; but which, however, it is impossible for me to accept: For, however sincere your discourse may be, it would be very imprudent for me to enter into your ideas. You propose we should leave this place and fly to Paris. Well! what would become of us then? What resources should we find there? You offer me your hand, and Heaven is witness how precious that offer is to me; but my love for you is one of the principal reasons that hinders me from accepting it. If I had less tenderness, I should be less concerned for the misfortunes into which I see you ready to plunge yourself.—Alas! speak no more of it (said I, with an air full of fury and despair) be always cruel,  
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and leave me to my misfortunes: Make such use of my fortune as you shall think proper, since it is that consideration only which detains you. I now leave you to do things which shall astonish you: Adieu, I speak to you now for the last time: Surely the end of all my miseries is now at hand.

I was then going out of the apartment, when Janneton seized me by the arm, and let fall some tears from her beautiful eyes: I will do, said she, every thing you shall desire of me; but, however, remember that you force my compliance: The fear you raise in me makes me tremble; I can by no means resolve to abandon you to despair: I know I do the wrong thing in following you, and am not insensible of the disasters I expose myself to; but my love is too much alarmed for my reason to oppose it.

I threw myself at the feet of Janneton to thank her, and swore to her, that my passion for her should never end but with my life. Since you consent, said I to her, to unite your lot to mine, we must  
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think of chusing a retreat, where we may be secure from the searches of the Countess: I see none more suitable for our purpose than Paris. We may there stay till we shall meet with an opportunity of removing ourselves into some foreign country: It will be easy for me by means of one of my friends to find money enough for that purpose. Do what you like, replied Janneton, I abandon everything to your conduct, and rely wholly on your love and your conscience. Pray Heaven I may never experience the fate of my mistress, the countess of Normandy! She loves you, you love her, and yet you quit her. Who can assure me that you will not one day or other act in the like manner towards me!

Banish, replied I, these disagreeable thoughts; I deceive you, or quit you, dear Janneton! Ah! did you but know the love I have for you! your eyes, the beauty of your person, and the sweetness of your temper, all justify my conduct. I never yet was amorous of your mistress: It is true, indeed, she taught me

to know I had a heart, but you only have taught me the use of it. In the midst of those caresses with which she loaded me, I tasted less satisfaction than in one pleasing look from you. I do, replied Janneton, every thing I can to believe you; I even assist you in conquering myself. But we do not consider, that while we are thus alone in the hall, our staying so long together may give umbrage to those in the house. I know not whether the steward, who just now brought me the letter, is not in an apartment adjoining to this: Let us, therefore, part for the present, and at sun-set you shall be sure to find me in the great walk in the garden, when I will inform you of my intended resolutions.

However painful it was for me to separate myself from Janneton, I was obliged to obey. I took one of her hands before we parted, and kissed it tenderly. Filled with the ideas of my good fortune, I hastened to walk in that part of the garden which Janneton had appointed me.

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I was so taken up with my good fortune, that I scarce knew how to behave. I sometimes believed that my felicity was nothing more than a dream, which would dissipate as soon as I should awake. I formed extraordinary projects in my imagination. At one time I was for passing into Holland; at another, I had taken the resolution of going into Spain; but I continued no longer in this last resolution than in the former, as I met with so many difficulties; the greatest of which was that of chusing a place where I might find means of subsistence, and be secure from the discovery of my friends. I doubted not but all possible search would be made after me, to discover my retreat. I represented to myself how sensibly the Countess would feel the shock of my leaving her, and, in spite of the uneasiness which I foresaw my flight would occasion her, the thoughts of possessing the dear object of my heart bore down every thing before it.





## CHAP. V.

*Turenne and Janneton quit the country-house of the Countess of Normandy, and set out for Paris, where they arrive about five the next morning.*

WHILE I was meditating what resolution was best to be taken, I perceived Janneton advancing towards me : I flew to meet her, and in a moment forgot all my former ideas. I come, said she, to know what you have resolved on : The more I think on the step we are going to take, the more I am perplexed. But, as I have given you my word, I consent to keep it.

I encouraged Janneton the best I could ; and, for fear she should alter her resolutions, I was determined to set out immediately for Paris. I represented to her, that we ought to take advantage of the night, that we might make our es-

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cape undiscovered, until we should arrive at the city, where we might easily conceal ourselves for some days. Janneton consented to every thing I proposed; and we delayed not, but left the seat of the Countess at nine in the evening.

We executed every part of our project just as we had concerted it. As it was five leagues to Paris, we took two horses at the first village we came to, which was not above a quarter of a mile distant from the house of the Countess. The countryman, who furnished us with the horses, conducted us thither himself. When we had arrived at the end of our journey, after dismissing the peasant with his horses, I wrote a letter to one of my friends, in whom I knew I could confide. The Abbot de St. Sorlin (for so he was called) surprised at receiving a letter from me at six o'clock in the morning, in which I desired his presence, in order to consult with me in an affair of importance, set out in an instant to find me. I cannot express the surprise in which he appeared, when he learned my adventure, and saw Janneton.

Janneton. As he was neither a devotee nor a hypocrite, and as he loved me sincerely, he lost no time in fruitless admonitions, from which he knew I should profit but little. What can I do to serve you? said he; and what resolution have you taken? I intend to go, replied I, into Holland, and endeavour to settle in that country: What I desire of you is, to procure me an habitation while I remain here, where we may live in secrecy. Your project, replied St. Sorlin, appears to me very indifferent: What can you do in Holland? Your retreat among the Protestants will irritate your friends still more against you: They will call you by the name of heretick and apostate: You must not augment your fault: Besides, it will be more difficult for you to live in that country than you seem to imagine. Let me advise you to remain in France; and I will use my endeavours to procure you that tranquility, which you seem now desirous of obtaining in foreign countries. In the mean time, come to my house,

where the strictest searches of the Countess cannot reach you.

I thanked St. Sorlin for the marks of friendship which he shewed me, and was proceeding in the sincerest language, when he interrupted me, saying, stop, I pray you, giving me all these vain compliments; I regret only that you are not in a condition to remove yourself out of these perplexities: Was my fortune equal to the sincerity of my heart, continued he, you should soon be happy: But, let us lose no time, let us make a proper use of this hour, while few people are in the streets.

I obeyed the orders of St. Sorlin, and took a hackney-coach, into which we all three got, after having put therein what belonged to me and Janneton. She appeared extremely confused; and, in spite of all the marks of tenderness which I shewed her, she could not overcome the chagrin this hasty step had thrown her into. Having arrived at St. Sorlin's house, I spent the rest of the morning in endeavours to comfort her, and my friend  
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joining his best assistance to mine, did every thing in his power to recover the serenity of her mind. He gave us a very elegant dinner, which was heightened by the generous manners which accompanied it. After dinner was over, I have a project (says he, rising from the table) which (should I be so happy as to succeed in it) will make both of you easy. I must leave you for two or three hours, during which time I shall be busy in your affairs: To-morrow or next day may declare the fruit of my labour.

St. Sorlin having quitted us, Janneton and I remained alone. The obliging manners of my friend, and the pleasure of seeing ourselves in a secure retreat, had a little calmed the storm in her breast. Her eyes began now to recover their former lustre, and to have greater effect on me than ever. You see, said I to her, dear Janneton, that fortune begins to favour us: Let us hope it will continue to befriend us: Dispell every gloomy fear that may in the least disturb your present felicity: As for my part,



my happiness is so great, that I look for nothing beyond it: I have the pleasure of beholding you, and of telling you I adore you: I know of no felicity that can exceed it!

While I was speaking these words, I took hold of one of Janneton's hands, which I fixed between mine: She made no answer; but her eyes convinced me, that my discourse did not displease her. The Countess had before conquered my timidity, and had taught me how properly to improve the critical moment: The opportunity, which I had so long wished for, at last offered itself. I was now alone with Janneton, who had already complied with me too much to be able to deny me any thing that could make me happy: I thought I ought to hasten the favourable moment, which delay might remove to a great distance. I fixed my lips upon the mouth of the beautiful Janneton, which made her blush. She seemed desirous of preventing me from taking a second liberty of that kind; but she defended herself so weakly, that  
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my love soon conquered her resistance. What, said I to her, am I not your husband? Why therefore do you refuse me those favours, which are due to my love, and the engagements I have made with you? They are not yet confirmed, replied Janneton; and till they are you cannot give me greater uneasiness, than by exceeding the bounds of decency: By continuing to take such liberties, you will make me regret the weakness and folly I have been guilty of in following you hither.

If Janneton had been the first I had loved on my leaving the seminary, or the Countess had not thoroughly informed me of the ceremonial of love, I should have punctually obeyed the orders of Janneton; but I had now imbibed principles of a bolder nature: I supposed that all women were like the Countess of Normandy, and, without paying any regard to the entreaties of Janneton, I pushed matters much farther than I had hitherto done. However violent the anger of Janneton was against me, it continued but a short time.

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My boldness increased, as the resolution of that cruel beauty diminished; and her courage totally vanished, at the moment I thought I was near expiring in her arms.

I now tasted the difference of happiness between the enjoyment of the Countess and that of Janneton, who seemed so well pleased with her present situation, as entirely to have forgot her late chagrin; nor would our pleasures have ended so soon, had not the return of my friend interrupted them.

St. Sorlin, upon his return to his lodgings, was not a little surpris'd at observing the countenance of Janneton so contented and chearful. He rightly judged, that something pleasing had pass'd between us, which had caused this sudden and pleasing revolution. He was a connoisseur in these sort of adventures, and was possess'd of all the talents necessary to please the fair sex: He was grown weary of a seminary, and had spent his time there only with a view of getting a benefice. Quite tired out with a life, which appeared to him insupportable,

portable, he left the college at the expence of losing all the fruits of his former hypocrisy. I have found out, said he, what you must do: You must leave me to-morrow, to go and live in a place where you will both enjoy a perfect tranquillity. I know a gentleman now at Orleans, extreamly rich and religious, with whom, at least, you may pass the summer. He has written to a friend of mine, desiring him to procure him a secretary and a house-keeper: He directs him to procure him such as may live with him as his friends. He generally lives in a castle about a league distant from Orleans. In this solitude he has less need of domestics, than of those with whom he may converse: You cannot, considering the present situation of your affairs, hope for any thing better at this time. I have spoken to the gentleman, who is charged with the commission of finding a secretary and a house-keeper, in your behalf: I told him I had a young cousin, who, with his wife, would be willing to serve the gentleman he

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mentioned. I added, that he would very much oblige me in not speaking to any other; and as he is under some obligation to me, he consented to every thing I desired. He has even shewn me a letter, which he sent to the gentleman, wherein he speaks of you both with all imaginable respect, declares that he knew your parents, and bears you the greatest good-will. Prepare then against to-morrow for your retreat, which will suit you much better than going into Holland, as you will be in a country-house, concealed from all the world, and will not meet with any perplexities in procuring subsistence. You will here have time for settling your affairs, and to determine what resolution is best to be taken.

Though the employment which my friend proposed to me had nothing in it that appeared to me very pleasing, yet the love I had for Janneton made me surmount every difficulty that was annexed thereto. I accepted without hesitation the offer that was made me, nor  
was



was Janneton at all displeased with the proposal. St. Sorlin now presented me with a letter, which he had written to his friend, wherein he had given me the name of La Reverdiere, and which I likewise presented to Janneton, who was desirous of seeing the address. After having looked at it, I remember, said she, a comical affair, which this letter recalls to my mind, the affair of the chevalier de Meillancourt with the Countess of Normandy, one of whose letters I have now in my pocket. What, said I, dear Janneton, were you not content with carrying off one lover from your mistress, but you must detain a letter from another! But your heart is not tender like hers! I am certain, that at this moment she is thundering out her rage against you, more for this new piece of malice, than for your running off with me. There was no malice in the case, replied Janneton, but much negligence, in not having left it on the toilet before I came out; and, whatever fault there may be in it, it is excuseable: I was yesterday



terday so much taken up with the step I was going to take, that it is no wonder I should forget the letter of the chevalier de Meillancourt.

Since you are so well acquainted with the gallant adventures of the Countess of Normandy, replied St. Sorlin, you must give us the history of that lady: I ask it of you as a favour, which will serve to amuse us till supper time. I cannot, replied Janneton, inform you of any particulars, except what has been lately transacted; for I have lived but one year with this lady. I was brought up in a convent till the day I entered into her service. I should never have been a servant, but that my father becoming a bankrupt, not by his own indiscretion or extravagance, but by the villainy of his correspondents, soon after died broken hearted; and my mother was not a long time before she followed him to the grave. The monastics, seeing me now deprived of all resources, and incapable of paying the fees, placed me out to the Countess of Normandy.

Thus

Thus you see, I am incapable of informing you of all the gallantries that the public impute to her: We will be contented, said St. Sorlin, with a relation of what has fallen within your own observation; you must not (continued he, smiling) spare even Turenne himself. I am willing, replied Janneton, to mention every thing I know, except what relates to Turenne: You must permit me to spare him, and be contented with being informed of what I know of his predecessor.



## CHAP. VI.

*Janneton relates the amours of the Countess of Normandy with the Chevalier de Meillancourt.*

I WAS young, said Janneton, when I went to live with the Countess of Normandy, at which time I knew so little what love was, that I thought no woman  
H dared

dared to keep company with any one as a lover, when she had no intention of marrying him; but I remained only a short time in this mistake. On the sixth day after my coming into the family of the Countess, I accidentally overheard the conversation that passed between the chevalier and my mistress, which gave me a great insight into many things, with which, till then, I had been entirely unacquainted. I must however confess to you, that the first discourse of the chevalier and the countess, which I happened to over-hear, so greatly surpris'd me, that I, for some time, doubted whether I had the right use of my senses. I happened to be in her drawing-room, where she had not the least reason to suppose I was, when I heard her say to the chevalier, "No, you do not love me—I know it—I have no reason to doubt of it—Your indifference appears to me in your words and your actions—In the midst of the favours I bestow on you, you hardly seem to take part in my tenderness."

A lan-

A language so new excited my curiosity. I crept to the door as softly as possible; and not contented with hearkening, I peeped through the key-hole: I perceived the Countess reclining on a couch, and the chevalier very near her; she had laid one hand upon his shoulder, and with the other she wantoned her fan. These familiarities appeared to me surprising; I was struck with astonishment, and knew not how to return: I made a very slow retreat, and lent all my attention to the conversation of the two lovers.

You are in the wrong, Madam, said the chevalier, to complain of my tenderness: Never were you loved more truly. What marks must I give you to convince you of my sincerity? You have ordered me not to visit the countess of Lignac; and I have not set foot within her house for these six months at least: You have required me to shun the baroness de St. Far, and I have punctually obeyed you: What can I do more to avoid displeasing you? Your coldness,



replied the Countess, can derive its sources only from the love of a rival, the more dangerous as she is unknown.

But, Madam, said the chevalier, what is this coldness with which you reproach me? I protest to you, that the more I examine into my conduct, the more reason I have to be satisfied therewith: So far from diminishing, each minute augments it; and I perceive, that the more you accuse me of indifference, the more my passion increases. Are you sure, replied the Countess, that you speak sincerely? Can I, my dear chevalier, place confidence in your words? When one loves tenderly, the least doubt is alarming.—Swear to me an eternal love, and promise me that you will be for ever constant! Ah! Madam! (replied the chevalier, with some warmth) can you ever doubt my perpetual love? What offence have I given you, that I need employ oaths before I can be believed. But, Madam, if I must satisfy you, I swear then, by every thing I regard most sacred, that your eyes are the theme of  
my



my adoration, and that my love for you will end only with my final dissolution.

While the chevalier was speaking, the Countess regarded him in the most tender manner. Every time the chevalier said, *I swear*, she would give him a tap on the face with that hand which was reclined on his shoulder. When he had finished all his protestations, I must, in my turn, said the Countess, give you protestations of my fidelity: I promise you, my dear Meillancourt, that you shall never be banished from my heart; I swear to it by the favours which I have granted you, by those you have still to expect from me, and by this kiss, which shall finish our mutual jealousies, and serve as a seal to our reconciliation. At these words the Countess bowed down her head, and the chevalier fixed his arms round her neck. Judge what was my surprise! and believe me sincere when I assure you I stood motionless: Every thing I saw appeared to me so new and extraordinary, that I knew not what to think of it. I had hitherto regarded the

Countess as a wise and prudent woman, and now began to imagine she had been secretly married to the chevalier.

While I was applauding myself for having thus discovered the bottom of this intrigue, and was preparing to redouble my attention in hearkening to the rest of the discourse that might pass between these two lovers, their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the Count de Charmouil, when they immediately changed the subject.

Surely you were very unfortunate, (says St. Sorlin, smiling, to Janneton) in not learning the whole of this adventure; for I make no doubt, had not the Count arrived, you would have been initiated into all the mysteries and secrets of the most concealed and clandestine marriages. The matter might have probably turned out as you say, replied Janneton blushing, but that would have been too great a discovery for one day; chance deferred it till three months afterwards. What! (says St. Sorlin, bursting out into a fit of laughter) did you

you then at last see the Countess performing the most secret matrimonial offices? You absolutely must relate to us this adventure; it is too comical to be concealed. Janneton did all she could to get off the relation of this story; but adding my entreaties to those of my friend, I got her at last to consent. I will assist you in your narration, says St. Sorlin, and I promise you my assistance in helping you over every thing that may alarm your modesty; and, provided you will bring matters to a certain point, we will desire you to carry them no further.

Since you absolutely insist on it, said Janneton, that I tell you what I saw three months after the first conversation which I had heard, I consent to satisfy your curiosity; but I place to your account the consequences of such a relation, since I make it not by choice, but by force.

The idea I had formed, continued Janneton, of the clandestine marriage of the Countess of Normandy, made me less circumspect into their manners and conduct. I was prudent enough not to speak to any  
one

one of the secret I imagined I had discovered, fearing I might lose the good-will of my mistress, who on all occasions used me well: So far from relating it to any one, I thought it was my duty to endeavour to conceal it even from myself. I succeeded so well in my design, that the Countess saw with pleasure she had nothing to fear from my penetration. She would often speak to me of the chevalier, as a person who managed her family business, which confirmed me in my resolutions of concealing what I knew.

I should hardly have thought of examining into the conduct of my mistress, had I not one day accidentally been eye-witness to a circumstance, which appeared to me more strange and surprising, than the discourse I had formerly overheard. The Countess had left Paris to pass a few days at her country-house, which we quitted last night: The chevalier accompanied her thither. One evening after supper, invited by the serenity of the weather, and the brightness of the moon, I left the house to take a walk in the garden.



den. After having taken a turn or two up and down the walks, I entered into a green arbour, which commanded the sight of a little bason of water, whose borders were surrounded with flowers: Here sat the Chevalier and the Countess, whose backs being towards the entrance of the arbour, and the rays of the moon not being able to pierce it, it was impossible for them to perceive me: Their distance from me too was so trifling, that I could perfectly hear every word that they uttered.

I was sometimes inclined to leave the arbour, and return to the house; but (whether it may be, that I was not apprehensive of the Countess supposing me to be in the garden at that time of the evening, or that my curiosity bore down every consideration) I listened very attentively to their discourse. The country, said she to the chevalier, seems to inspire something of tenderness, which the beauty of the night rather heightens than diminishes. I know not whether I am mistaken, chevalier; but I have room to think,

think, that I do not appear more amiable to you at this hour, and in this situation, than in any other. If your tenderness was augmented equally with mine, I should run some risque of acting the foolish part. What think you? continued the Countess. Have you as much fear of the influence of the moon, as I have? My love, replied the chevalier, cannot be increased: I defy all the stars to be able to augment it. I perceive, however, that they have some effect over me; and that the moon, whose influence you seem so much to dread, has inspired me with certain libertine desires, which I know not well how to conquer. The flowery bank, on which we are now seated, the murmuring of the water, and the sweet silence of the night, seem to reproach me with thus spending my time in unprofitable words. You are a knave (replied the Countess, giving him a gentle flirt with her handkerchief) you have no such regard for me—but what would any one think, should they accidentally overhear our discourse? What demon, said the chevalier, would dare to surprise

surprise us! Your servants are in the house; and who can come here, since I fastened the garden-door myself? Unless some indiscreet star should reveal our secret, or the moon communicate it to her dear Endymion, I cannot see what reason you have to fear. Let us embrace, Madam, let us embrace this favourable opportunity; and refuse me not that which my love so justly demands: Let us make the stars witness of our pleasures. —What followed, is better understood than expressed.

Since you have obliged us, said St. Sorlin, in relating their adventures thus far, we will not desire any thing of you that may in the least alarm your modesty; but, however, be kind enough to tell us something of your surprise at this unexpected discovery: Confess to us ingenuously, that this surprise was greater than the first: I am, at least, certain that you was more attentive in regarding the two lovers from the arbour, than you had been at looking at them through the key-hole. Tell us sincerely, what you thought  
of

of this matter. If I must inform you in every particular, said Janneton, I must confess to you, that my astonishment was greater than you can imagine. I could not however harbour any suspicions of the virtue of the Countess, as I supposed they had been married privately; I only thought there was much imprudence in the conduct of them both; for though it was advanced by the chevalier, that none of her domestics were then out of the house, yet we frequently walked in the gardens at that time, though unknown to the Countess; and had any others discovered what I did, they would hardly have either judged so favourably, or kept it so secret.

I remained yet eight months longer in my error, nor were my eyes opened, till this lady invited M. de Turenne to spend two months with her in the country. That was the proof she had put all her lovers to: She had made use of the same stratagem to subdue the chevalier. I found her inclinations for the chevalier gradually decreased; and, on the contrary,



trary, she seemed always extremely well pleased when Turenne was present, but dejected when he was absent. His manners and behaviour (continued Janneton, blushing a little) began to have an effect over me, such as had been till then entirely unknown to me, and I began to be somewhat interested in the affairs of the Countess.

As I was desirous of knowing what she would say to the chevalier, on her departure for the country, I concealed myself in the same apartment where I had before overheard their discourse.

But the subject of their conversation, which confirmed Janneton in the character of her mistress, I must beg leave to defer till the next chapter, in which I shall present the reader with a series of new events, as remarkable, perhaps, as any I have yet related.



## C H A P. VII.

*Janneton concludes her story : After which she and Turenne set out for the House of Mr. Prinvalet, where Turenne acts the part of a secretary, and Janneton that of a governess ; but, an accident happening, they return again to Paris.*

**I** WAS hearkening to the conversation of the chevalier and the Countess (as I just now mentioned) when I heard her say to him “ I must quit you for a little while, dear chevalier, as my affairs in the country demand my presence. Do not complain to me, and thereby increase the anguish the thoughts of your absence will occasion me ; rather pity me, and teach me how to bear such a separation ; but what can amuse me in your absence ! Ah, chevalier, how hard it is that I cannot, for the reasons which I gave you last night, take you with me ! How disagreeable

greeable it is to be obliged to regulate our actions, in love affairs, by constraint ! Constraint was never designed for hearts so tender as ours."

The poor chevalier answered very tenderly and sincerely to the words of the Countess : He assured her, he should die with grief if he might not be permitted to write to her. Grant me the favour, said he, of enquiring after your person and safety ; and at a time when cruel necessity has so ordained it, that I must be removed from you, I shall perhaps find some consolation in reading your letters.

The Countess promised the chevalier every thing he desired, and seemed perfectly well contented with having put him off so easily ; the thoughts of it inspired her with a joy, which, in spite of her, she was not able to conceal. That he might not suspect any thing, she says to him, by way of banter, you must not, chevalier, go with me into the country ; for I have a rival to supply your place. But, to tell you the truth, he is only a

nephew of mine, a young collegian, who is come to spend his holidays with me. I tell you this, that if by chance you should hear of a young abbot being in my house, you may not be alarmed. I have no reason to suspect you of any thing, madam : You are too sincere to be inconstant ; and my affections are too delicate to afford the least room for offence.

However tender the discourse of the chevalier was, it was tiresome to the Countess. She every moment expected Mr. Turenne, and every thing was ready for their departure. So far from being sorrowful after the chevalier was departed, she made me sing to her harpsichord ; indeed, I never saw her in a better humour in my life. The arrival of Mr. Turenne, to whom she was extremely polite, inspired her with gaiety. My good opinion of the Countess being now entirely vanished, I saw plainly through what she endeavoured to conceal under the veil of friendship. As I was interested in the proceedings between the  
Countess



Countess and Mr. Turenne, it is no wonder if I was more than ordinarily inquisitive into the actions of my mistress.

However, in spite of all my care and penetration, I could not discover for certainty, whether Mr. Turenne was as amorous of the Countess, as she was of him: Sometimes I was inclined to believe it, but in a moment would change my opinion. It was on the fifth day after our arrival in the country, that I discovered the whole of the affair. I was an unfortunate witness of all the tender returns, which my rival received from Mr. Turenne. I knew not whether it was through reason or disdain, that I determined to banish from my heart a passion, which had tyrannised over me for some time; but the more I endeavoured to forget Mr. Turenne, the more I loved him. The success of my mistress augmented my love and jealousy, and the less reason I had to hope on my part, the more sensible I was of my unhappy situation. You know what followed after this period; therefore I

have now no occasion to relate it. I shall only observe, that Mr. Turenne is under some obligations to me, for not having related some particular adventures of his, which are not altogether unknown to me.

Never mind them, says St. Sorlin, we must pardon what is past, provided he is wiser for the future; but, since you have so far acquainted us with the affairs of the Countess, I believe it would be no great piece of injustice to open the letter, which the chevalier de Meillancourt wrote to the Countess: Though it should inform us of no fresh particulars, yet we shall therein see the stile of the poor deceived lover. If you will, says Janneton, take the consequences of this curiosity upon yourself, I will not be the person that shall hinder you; but I must at the same time confess, that I think it would be more prudent to burn it unread. These are mighty fine scruples indeed! says St. Sorlin; give me the letter, and I will very readily take the crime of reading it myself! I think, for  
my

my part, there can be no harm in it, and more especially as the Countess knows nothing of the matter: I am sure Mr. Turenne is of my opinion. Upon this Janneton gave him the letter, which he broke open, and read as follows:

*My dear Countess,*

**I***F the time, in which I ought to expect you back, was at any great distance, I should certainly enjoy no happiness. Ah! Madam! will your affairs forever detain you? It is now six weeks since you went first into the country: Have you then entirely forgot Paris? The five days which you have now to stay, will appear to me like so many weeks! What evil am I still to suffer! The hope only of seeing you, to put an end to them, and of swearing to you a thousand times, that I live only for you, lengthens out my days till your return.— But keep your word, unless you would put an end to the life of one of the tenderest of lovers.*

MEILLANCOURT.

Ah!

Ah! says St. Sorlin, here's the beautiful and tender! Well, you may think I have done amiss in reading this letter; but let me tell you, it may afford you no small matter of consolation. You have no reason to regret having deprived your mistress of one lover, since she knows where at any time to find another; besides, you have done an act of justice, and a great piece of service to the chevalier, who is in despair; but I am certain he will see the Countess at Paris much sooner than he expects.

We passed the remainder of the day in agreeable conversation, which was heightened by the good humour of Janneton. After supper was over, she laid herself down on St. Sorlin's bed; and as it was the only one he had to dispose of, he and I spent the rest of the night in reading romances, while Janneton, lulled by the fatigues of the day, slept soundly.

As soon as the morning appeared, we got into a chariot, which conducted us to the house of Mr. Prinvalet; to whom, on our arrival, we delivered the letter my friend



friend had sent by us. He appeared very well satisfied with the manner in which he had acquitted his commission. He received us in a very friendly manner; and I thought I perceived him, notwithstanding his age and gravity, to cast a wishful eye at Janneton. He asked her what age she was, how long she had been married, in what place she was born, &c. We were prepared against all these interrogatories, and Janneton replied without the least hesitation, to his perfect satisfaction.

After all these preambles, Mr. Prinvalet ordered up supper; and, as it was specified in our agreement, that we should eat at his table, we seated ourselves by his orders, after his having said a long prayer, which he pronounced with a loud voice, and with an air of devotion.

During supper time our conversation turned upon the employments we were now entering into, and on the manner in which we ought to fulfill our agreement. I doubt not, said Mr. Prinvalet, but that I shall be perfectly satisfied with you both: What I would recommend to you most,

is

is to be careful to fulfill the duties of a christian; both of you enjoy the fire of youth, which too often tempts the unwary to wander from the true paths of religion: You must not, therefore, be angry, should I at any time find occasion to reprove you.

Supper being ended, the conversation changed not, but run up the same pious subjects; nor did it end, till the domestics, getting up from table, assembled in the chamber of Mr. Prinvalet, to join in prayer. Each having placed himself on his knees, the master took a great book, out of which he read a very long oration.

Janneton was so fatigued with her journey, that it was with some difficulty she kept herself awake. As for myself, I could not help thinking I was returned to the seminary, and assisting at the director's common prayer. When the ceremony was ended, after having made a profound bow to Mr. Prinvalet, they all retired. We were then conducted to our apartment; and Janneton made no scruple to act as my wife: Necessity forced her to retrench

retrench ceremonies, which then would have proved not only unnecessary, but pernicious: Besides, we had brought these matters to a period before; and she was of too amiable a nature, to act the part of either the prude or the coquette.

As soon as we had got up in the morning, we repaired to the apartments of Mr. Prinvalet, when he gave the keys of the several places under the inspection of the house-keeper, into the hands of Janneton. As for me, I armed myself with *The lives of the saints*, out of which I read to Mr. Prinvalet till dinner time. This pious exercise was one of my principal employments, which merited more the title of lecturer, than that of secretary.

During the three first months of my stay with Mr. Prinvalet, I scarce wrote ten letters: I received from him very considerable presents; but to Janneton, he was unaccountably generous: He made me a present of a new suit of cloaths, because in my prayers I shewed great fervency and devotion; and to Janneton he gave some valuable jewels, because she hearkened

hearkened attentively thereto: Nothing was given, but by way of reward for some act of piety; and I should have thought myself guilty of an astonishing act of injustice, had I then supposed him capable of a wicked action.

Women can more easily discover the secrets of a heart, upon which they make any impression, and are much more clear-sighted, than men; when I spoke to Janneton of the generosity of Mr. Prinvalet, she would frequently burst out into a laughter, but would never explain herself. She had, without doubt, kept silence much longer, if Mr. Prinvalet, weary of remaining in a doubtful situation, had not declared himself openly.

One day, when Janneton was come into his chamber, to give him an account of something that fell under her management, he bid her sit down, for that he had something of great importance to communicate to her. Janneton obeyed him; and, having taken a chair, seated herself near him. Come nearer, said he,  
I must



I must not speak loud—our discourse must not be overheard.

This command very much astonished my mistress; however, she advanced a little nearer him. You know, said he, what vengeance Heaven has in store against those who reveal a secret, and I make no doubt but you can keep one.—What should you think of a little capital of one hundred and fifty thousand livres? You are young, and must think of a thousand accidents that may happen to you. It is prudent to think in the summer of laying up against winter. I should, replied Janneton, be very happy in possessing what you mention; but what method must I pursue to acquire it? It depends upon you (replied the devotee, taking hold of one of the hands of Janneton) to change your present situation into that I now mention.—You know, we must do good to our neighbours: Our religion orders it—I have no children, but I have endless wealth, and will give you what I have promised.—I ask one thing only of you: One good deed

ought to be recompenced with another; and, at the price of what I offer you, I demand only—your heart.

Janneton after all this familiarity was not at all surpris'd at his declaration, as it was what she expected. I cannot, said she, grant what is not in my power: What you ask of me belongs to my husband: Consult him upon this affair; and, if he consents, I shall willingly obey. My stars, replied the amorous devotee, this answer fully proves the folly of youth: These sort of mysteries, which I speak to you about, must never be revealed to the husband.—Reflect upon what I have said to you, and you will plainly see how much I am your friend. You will run no risque in granting me the favour I ask of you—You have nothing to fear from my indiscretion. I am equally interested in keeping silence.—Janneton knew very well she should get nothing by an absolute denial; she therefore determin'd to dissemble, and demand'd time to consider of it. The amorous devotee, contented with having  
made

made his first advances, consented to every thing she demanded.

Janneton was no sooner come out of his chamber, than she gave me an account of the conversation that had passed between them. My love was alarmed at the risque which it run; and from this moment we began to take measures for our returning to Paris. We left him in about three days after. Mr. Prinvalet knew very well, when we took leave of him, what was the cause of it; but he dared not to shew any resentment, and thought himself happy, that this affair remained in silence. We settled our accounts with him, and left him to have recourse to his long prayers, to drive away the desires which Janneton had inspired him with.



## CHAP. VIII.

*In this chapter Turenne meets with an unexpected misfortune, which almost drives him to the brink of despair; but finds comfort under his affliction in the friendship of St. Sorlin.*

ON our arrival at Paris, we went to the house of our friend, St. Sorlin. As he had not been made acquainted with our intention of leaving Mr. Prinvalet, he was very much surpris'd to see us there; he feared we had, by some imprudence or other, betrayed ourselves as not being married. We soon convinced him of his mistake, and gave him our reasons for returning to Paris. What then, said St. Sorlin, is Prinvalet a wolf in sheep's cloathing! Henceforth I shall doubt the sincerity of all external appearances of religion! I shall be no longer surpris'd, when



when I reflect on the actions of the countess of Normandy, since the old and feeble saint, Prinvalet, became a slave to the charms of the beautiful Janneton !

But, continues St. Sorlin, you see the face of your affairs are very little changed since you first went to live with him : What do you intend to do ? You cannot appear in public any where in this part of the world : The family of Turenne have made a strange noise on this elopement, and for three months together made a strict search all over Paris ; nor did they give over their perquisitions till all hopes of succeeding were vanished. What resolution have you taken ?

We are, replied I to St. Sorlin, under less apprehensions of danger than you seem to imagine us : Thanks to the salary we have received during the six months we have lived with Mr. Prinvalet, and still more to the presents which he has made us : We have now wherewith to support us for two years at least, in a genteel manner. That is

excellent, replied my friend ; and before that time we may hope to meet with something to your advantage : It is a good thing to have resources for two years before-hand ; and believe me, it is not a trifle that can procure a secret retreat in the heart of Paris for that time. We must, however, consider where you are to lodge at present ; and I know of no place that will suit you better than where you now are : It is remote from all those who know you ; besides which, it will be agreeable for us to be so near each other : If you chuse to remain here, there is an apartment ready, which you may have upon very reasonable terms.

I with pleasure accepted the offer which he made me, and we went together to view the apartments : Janne-ton being pleased with them, we took possession immediately. Finding ourselves in some measure settled, we entreated St. Sorlin to stay and sup with us ; and during supper time, we concerted measures for our future proceedings.

ings. It was resolved, that I should never go out in the day, and Janneton only on affairs of consequence; and to take all the precautions possible to prevent a discovery. St. Sorlin promised to come to see us every day, and to use his utmost diligence in seeking an employment for me.

The three first months, which I spent with Janneton at Paris, gave no turn to my affairs: I was always very amorous, and enjoyment only served to augment my passion. I know not whether my mistress suspected the contrary, or whether she feared that I was not always constant; but she would frequently put me in mind of the promises I made to her before we left the Countess's house. We have, says she, now been together almost a year, and I cannot yet call myself your wife, nor am I sure I shall ever have that satisfaction. Should you change your opinion of me, what a deplorable situation would mine be! I have nothing in my possession that can oblige you to execute this promise: I said little to you concerning  
it

it while we were at Mr. Prinvalet's, because I knew it was not then to be done; but now we have been at Paris these three months, and so far from taking any measures which may unite us forever, you seem to have forgot the oaths you have made; or, if you remember them, you do not think of fulfilling them.

The tears which Janneton let fall in the midst of her discourse, augmented the grief which her complaints caused me. Ah! what, said I to her, dear Janneton, do you doubt my fulfilling my promise? Can you believe that my love is capable of changing? Since I have been with you, each day has increased my affections for you! If I am not your husband, it is only because I have not yet had a favourable opportunity of putting the seal to my happiness. You accuse me of neglecting to seek an opportunity to accomplish it; but how can you reproach me with any such thing! Do you not see the obstacles which still oppose my happiness? I am obliged to  
conceal



conceal myself, and fear the eyes of all Paris! Besides, it is impossible to be done here with any safety: The bare attempting such a thing might separate us forever. I am ready to go into any foreign country, and perform my promise immediately: You need only speak the word and it shall be done.

My reasons were too good to be rejected: She perceived what I said was agreeable to good sense. St. Sorlin, who entered the room in the midst of our conversation (and who was interested) joined with me, in persuading her, that we ought not to increase the number of difficulties we had already to encounter; and that, in doubting my constancy, she only sought to make herself unhappy. To dissipate her fears entirely, I renewed my vows and protestations in the presence of my friend, that I would marry her as soon as the situation of our affairs would permit me.

Having restored serenity in her breast, I passed another month without any care, or any other inquietude, than that of finding

finding some employment. St. Sorlin did every thing he could to discover any thing that he thought would do for me; but all to no purpose. This made Jan-  
neton uneasy, who saw, with regret, that we were consuming what little we had amassed. While our money lasted she was patient enough; but six months after our arrival at Paris, when she saw no appearance of my getting any thing, and that we must have recourse to Mr. Prin-  
valet's presents, and had already began to sell some of them, she began to be excessively melancholy. She had the fault, like most other women, of being too fond of fine dress, and was sensibly touched with the loss of her jewels. I knew very well the subject of her sorrow; but could not procure any remedy, and therefore I seemed to take no notice of it. I endeavoured to dissipate her chagrin, by procuring her every pleasure I was able. As she had got acquainted with a female neighbour, I would frequently entreat her to go and visit her; because I  
perceived

perceived she had some inclination for her.

Some time after she had been acquainted with Madam Labatins (for so this neighbour was called) she appeared to me less melancholy, and seemed, in some measure, to have recovered her former gaiety. It was not a long time before I was convinced of my error, and two months after this fatal acquaintance began, I lost the heart of my Janneton, at a time when I least expected it.

There lived in this woman's house a rich abbot, who, struck with the beauty of Janneton, followed the example of Prinvalet; but he was more fortunate in meeting with suitable returns from Janneton, being favoured by the situation of our affairs. The bait was tempting, as it was her favourite maxim, to get all she could, but lose nothing. Besides, the disagreeable and forbidding figure of Mr. Prinvalet was what Janneton could not put up with; whereas, on the other hand, had he borne the comely and gay appearance of this her new gallant, we had very probably

bly never left Mr. Prinvalet. — Think not, that I judge too hard of the frailty of my perfidious mistress!

She endeavoured to conceal from me, for a long time, the project she was meditating, nor did I, indeed, discover it, till I felt the effects of it, after her having put it in execution, which was equally as impossible for me to prevent, as it was to recall: The treachery of Janneton was too deeply laid, to be discovered by one who loved her truly. After having concerted measures with my rival for quitting me, she executed so well the projects they had laid, that a man more knowing, and much less amorous than I was, must, like me, have been undoubtedly deceived.

My perfidious mistress affected one day to be very ill; which alarmed my tenderness: I asked her, with much eagerness, if I could get any thing that might ease her. I should like, said she, a little Spanish wine; I believe that is very good for the cholic: I remember, when I was ill at the Countess's, I was relieved by some,  
which



which they bought of one Brasier, in the street of St. Sepulchre.

Though I never went out in the day time, and though that part to which I was directed was extremely dangerous for me to venture in, being in the neighbourhood of the seminary of St. Sulpice, I delayed not a single moment to seek for the house of the pretended Brasier, to purchase some Spanish wine. It took me up a considerable time to execute my commission, as the place where I was to go to, was a great way distant from my apartments. This was what Janneton wished, as she wanted some time to execute her project. Scarce was I got out, than she began to pack up her cloaths, wrote me a letter which she left on the table, took a hackney-coach and drove to the place where she had appointed to meet the abbot.

While Janneton was thus employing the favourable moments I had left her, I was running like a fool from one end of Paris to the other, to get some of this curious Spanish wine, which was to cure her disorder. I arrived, in a violent sweat, at

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the street of St. Sepulchre, and asked, at thirty different places, for the house of this Brasier; but no one knew any such person. I thought it was something odd, that I could no where get intelligence of such a person; but there was not perhaps any such person in all Paris.

At last, weary of unsuccessful enquiries and still fearful that the disorder of my dear Janneton might increase, I went into a tavern near the French Play-house, where I bought a bottle of Spanish wine; and, after having run about for more than three hours, I arrived out of breath at my lodgings. I hastened up into my chamber, and found the door open—but nobody there! I called, Janneton!—but nobody answered! Much astonished at this, I went down stairs to my landlady, and asked her, if she knew what was become of my wife. She is gone out, said she, and desired me to tell you, that you would find a note upon the table. Is she well then? replied I. I know nothing to the contrary, said my landlady, nor did I know she had been ill; she seemed very gay,

gay, and perfectly well, when she went out.

After this fine declaration of my landlady, I went up into my chamber, cut to the heart, to see what orders Janneton had left me; but what was my surprise, when, upon opening it, I read the following words.

*My dear but unfortunate Turenne,*

**I***F you are wise, you will make no stir, but comfort yourself on my flight. I leave you for a rival, to whom every thing ought to give way; that is, for God, whom your conduct and mine has offended. My remorse has got the upper hand of my love; and remember, that you and I lived in a state of perdition. Adieu, I go to do penance in a convent, the rest of my life, for my past follies; but I perceive, that, whatever my condition may be, I never shall forget you. Content yourself with remembering it is for your tranquillity, as well as mine. Make no searches after me, which must prove vain and unsuccessful, as it is impossible for you to divine where I am; but reconcile yourself to your*

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*family,*

*family, which is the last advice that she can give you, who loves you dearer than herself. Farewell—forever.—*

JANNETON.

It is impossible to describe the horror, which this letter inspired me with. In an instant, I entirely lost the use of my senses, and threw myself on a couch, where I lay above a quarter of an hour in a kind of lethargy, which hindered me from feeling my grief. When this first surprise was a little over, I began to feel all the weight of my misfortunes: What, cried I, is it possible that Janneton has abandoned me! I have lost her, I have lost her forever; and, what adds to the load of my grief, it is her lost virtue has prompted her to it! Cruel St. Sorlin, why would you not suffer me to pass into foreign countries! This fatal delay at Paris is the cause of all my misfortunes! I must absolutely seek out the place where she is retired to! If I cannot change her resolutions, I will die at her feet, and put an end to a life replete with misery  
and



and woe ! My tears and sighs diminished not, nor did all the designs I formed in the least stop their course.



## CHAP. IX.

*Turenne is inconsolate at the loss of his Janneton ; but St. Sorlin having convinced him of the perfidy of his mistress, he is at last persuaded to endeavour to forget her. He is soon after reconciled to his friends, and enters into the army.*

**S**T. Sorlin entered my chamber, while I was in the situation I have just now described. As he loved me tenderly, he demanded, with much eagerness, what was the cause of my grief. I shewed him Janneton's letter, which he read, and was no less surprised than I was. You must, however, said he, take courage : Your tears will not in the least alleviate your misfortunes ; on the contrary, they will increase and disclose them. What would

your landlady think of all this? What a scandal would it be, should she find that Janneton is not your wife! You must absolutely conceal this adventure from the public: If you have any respect for me, you will thus far have a command over yourself, as my happiness is interested in this affair. What will the world think of an ecclesiastic, who favours the intrigues of a man that has ran away from a seminary, and behaved so much beneath the dignity of the clergy! However violent my grief was, St. Sorlin was too dear to me, that I should turn a deaf ear to such remonstrances. What remedy, replied I, can you think of to alleviate my misfortunes, and what is it you would have me to do? What will my landlady think, when she sees Janneton does not return? What will she say when she perceives my grief; and how will it be possible for me to conceal it?

To surmount these difficulties, replied St. Sorlin, you must actually come to my house: Soon after you have got there, I will

will come and acquaint your landlady, that you are gone to pass three days with your wife in the country; and, to take away all suspicion, I will tell her, that this intention was formed some time ago, and that she was determined not to speak of it, till the very moment she put it in execution, in order that you might not have it in your power to oppose it: But, you must not see your landlady; for your melancholy look will ruin all my schemes. In these three days we shall have time to look about us, and to determine what is best to be done: We shall have always this pretext left, that you stay longer in the country, than you at first intended.

I followed his advice, and we went out of the house without speaking to any one. On our arrival at his apartments, he endeavoured to console me, and make me believe, that it was not impossible but that I might again find my dear Janne-ton. This hope, however fallacious, somewhat calmed my grief, which St. Sorlin perceiving, took that opportunity  
to

to slip away to my landlady; when the conversation that passed between them filled him with suspicions, that Janneton had acted the dishonourable part: He knew the character of women, and had experienced that they were no strangers to deceit. Having managed matters so well with my landlady, as to remove from her all kind of suspicion, he returned, and made me acquainted with all that had passed, with his opinion thereon. Instead of diminishing my chagrin, it augmented its violence; and jealousy had so far tyrannized in my breast, as to induce me to swear a perpetual hatred to all her sex.

My rage, however, diminished by degrees, and I began to doubt the truth of what St. Sorlin had asserted. I sometimes looked on it as a fable invented by him to heal me of my passion: I put a thousand questions to him, to all which he answered with so much exactness, that in an instant I again sunk into my former state of jealousy.

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For two days, I was continually tortured by different ideas, in which time St. Sorlin used all possible methods to discover the retreat of Janneron; but to no purpose. You must absolutely, said he to me, try what you can to forget her, as otherwise it will serve only to make you unhappy. Since your perfidious lover was determined to quit you, it is much better for you that she is eloped now, than it would have been after having lived longer with you, as it is not now too late to reconcile yourself to your family: It is what you ought to do; forget therefore what you ought to think of only with regret. After all, there is nothing done more to you, than you have done to others: You have now the same trick put upon you, which you put upon the Countess of Normandy: Imitate her example, and console yourself for the absence of one, by the enjoyment of another.

I was too amorous to make a right use of the advice of my friend; besides which, the state of uncertainty I was then  
in,

in, as to the infidelity of Janneton, was still fresh in my mind.—But chance soon afforded me an opportunity of seeing into the infidelity of my perfidious mistress; after which I found it no great difficulty to erase from my heart the memory of one, whom I then viewed in the most contemptible light, and considered as unworthy of the least place in my thoughts.

As it was impossible for me to return to the house where I lodged without Janneton, who passed for my wife, I resolved to live somewhere else. I desired St. Sorlin to go and acquaint my landlady, that I should remain two or three months in the country, and that he was come to fetch what belonged to me, and to pay what was due. My friend acquitted his commission; and, in searching my chamber, that he might leave nothing behind that belonged to me, he found in the chest of drawers, where Janneton used to put up her cloaths, a paper folded up like a letter: He had the curiosity to examine it; and found it to be

an epistle from my rival, to Janneton, and which she in her hurry had forgot.

When St. Sorlin was returned to me, see (said he, giving me the letter) what will recall your reason, and convince you that I am not mistaken in my conjectures. I took it, trembling, and read as follows :

Dear Janneton,

*WHAT* hinders you from quitting the slavery that now makes your life miserable? Break those fetters, and set yourself at liberty. The house that I designed for you has been ready these three days, and I have taken care to provide every thing that is convenient and genteel. I have hired a foot-boy and a chamber-maid, who are entirely unknown to you. I have told them that you are a lady of Provence, who came to Paris on business of consequence. Since all is ready, defer no longer to fulfill your promise. Would not any prudent woman quit one lover, with whom she is sure of meeting with nothing but misfortunes, to fly to the arms of another, who is capable of bestowing on her every pleasure and enjoyment her heart can wish

wish for? You did not yesterday meet me at our usual place of rendezvous, which filled me with apprehensions that you were not well. These fears disturbed my last night's rest, and made sleep a stranger to my eyes. Let me have the happiness of seeing you to-day; but if I am not to have that pleasure, let me hear something from you by the usual means, that I may know how properly to proceed.

*Your's, &c.*

The resentment which this letter inspired me with, made a greater impression on my mind, than all the counsels of my friend. I resolved entirely to forget the perfidious Janneton. Heaven, said I, to put an end to my grief, and to restore me to peace, has thrown this into my hands! I must however confess, said I to St. Sorlin, that in spite of the resentment which I now bear against the ungrateful Janneton, I should like to know who my rival is. But the more I think of this adventure that has happened to me, the less hopes I have of discovering him:



him: It is, however, plain from the letter, that the lover she has preferred to me is a person of no inconsiderable fortune. It never once entered into our heads, that the abbot, who lodged at Madam Labatin's, was this happy gallant; besides, we regarded this woman as incapable of any such baseness, and supposed that Janneton had never spoke to the abbot.

I then took the resolution, not only to forget my perfidious mistress, but likewise to give over all thoughts of seeking after her, and began to think seriously of reconciling myself to my family. As I had an uncle at Paris, who was a very rich abbot, and extremely fond of me, St. Sorlin offered himself as a missionary in my behalf. I accepted the offer, and he set out immediately. St. Sorlin so well executed his commission, that I was the next day kindly received by my uncle: He told me, in the most sincere and gentle manner, how contrary the step I had taken was to the profession I had embraced: He demanded of me what

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were

were my future intentions: I shall find it no difficult matter, said he to me, to bring your parents into any measures I shall propose to them; but before I write to them, I must know your resolutions.

The tender and affectionate manner, in which my uncle spoke to me, inspired me with boldness to speak my true sentiments: I had conceived an implacable hatred against my former profession; and the confinement attending the offices of the church was entirely opposite to the inclination I had entertained of appearing in the polite world. I prayed my uncle to change the ecclesiastic for a military state. Since you are desirous, said he to me, of entering into the army, I will settle this matter with your friends; but I cannot help observing, that I wish you had never entered into orders.

The good-will of my uncle consisted not merely in writing to my parents, as he insisted on my coming to spend some days at his house. It was not long before he received the answer he expected  
from

from my parents, who were all glad to hear of my return.

When my family had consented to my appearing in a military life, I was no longer obliged to conceal myself, but made my appearance in every part of the city. My uncle applied to the war-office to procure me a place, and there purchased for me a troop of cavalry, and my father having remitted the sum agreed on for the purchase, I had nothing more to do, than to prepare myself for joining my corps, which was then in Germany.

The Countess of Normandy had been informed of all my adventures; but as I now appeared as an officer I thought I had no follies to answer for, which were committed while I was an ecclesiastic: I therefore demanded permission to see her; but whether it might be, that she was fearful of giving offence to the chevalier de Meillancourt, with whom she was now upon very good terms; or whether, besides the chagrin which my infidelity occasioned her, she

resented my carrying off her chamber maid, she however absolutely denied me the satisfaction of seeing her. This gave me very little uneasiness, as I was then no ways amorous of her; nor did I think any thing more of her afterwards.



## CHAP. X.

*Turenne and St. Sorlin accidentally meet with the perfidious Janneton and her new lover, which brings on a humourous scene. — The close of the chapter leaves Turenne in Holland, where he falls violently in love with a beautiful Jewess.*

**I** EMPLOYED the rest of my time, which I passed at Paris, in getting my equipage in order, and was so charmed with my new employment, that I regarded myself as one of the happiest of mortals. St. Sorlin was a partner of the felicity I enjoyed, and always made one in my parties of pleasure; for, as I now  
wanted



wanted no money, I thought it my duty to return him, in some measure, the favours I had received at his hands. Coming home one night from the opera, we went into a tavern to refresh ourselves, the master of which conducted us into a chamber, which was separated from another only by a thin wainscot. We had no sooner seated ourselves down, than I was astonished at hearing, in the next room, a voice I thought I knew perfectly well. I hearkened very attentively, and was convinced my perfidious mistress was there. I communicated my thoughts to my friend, who, listening, was also convinced it was Janneton.

We endeavoured, but in vain, to discover a crack in the wainscot, and were therefore obliged to be contented with hearkening. Confess, said he to her, that you have still some returns of tenderness for the young abbot in those moments of melancholy, in which I sometimes see you : I am certain that his image is present to your mind. You deceive yourself, replied Janneton ; I can swear to you that I

never think of him, but have as perfectly forgot him as if I had never loved him. You ought not to accuse me of appearing melancholy, since I am never so, but when apprehensive of your inconstancy, and the fear of losing your heart is the only thing that alarms me; but, were I sure of your sincerity, I should be the happiest creature in the world.

You cannot but be sensible, replied he, that ever since I have known you, my love has been gradually increasing. This is true, said Janneton; but you have confessed to me that you have had another mistress before me, and who knows for certain, but that some happier beauty may carry off your heart from me, and leave me in the situation of my predecessor? Do not doubt my sincerity, replied the stranger, I love you too sincerely ever to be inconstant; besides, my interest is now united with my heart. I used formerly to rove from *belle* to *belle*, and offered my vows to every beauty I thought worthy of receiving them: My condition, as a simple abbot, had nothing  
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in it incompatible with gallantry; but now, as I am actually possessed of considerable benefices, and have hopes of rising to the highest ecclesiastical dignities, I must appear more reserved in my conduct: I must confine myself to one, and not trust many with so important a secret.

I am happy (replied Janneton, in a disdainful tone) that your hypocrisy secures to me your heart:—But, be assured, I despise a passion that has no other support than constraint: I this night give you my word, that you have nothing to expect from my indiscretion or revenge; and, if you cannot love me from your heart, love me not at all.

The unknown, or rather the abbot (for now both St. Sorlin and I knew he was such from his discourse) threw himself at the knees of Janneton, and addressed her in a multitude of the tenderest expressions. We judged of his situation and posture by the discourse of Janneton, who, laughing very heartily, said to him, rise, future prelate, rise, and be seated: What would any one think, should they see a person,  
who

who aspires to a bishoprick, at the feet of a young girl! The abbot obeyed the orders of his mistress; and well it was for him that he did, as the master of the house entered, just as he had seated himself, to acquaint madam, that her servants were come. I must take my leave of you, said Janneton, for the present; but shall expect to see you in the morning.

At this moment, a scheme entered into my head, which furnished me with the means of revenging myself on my perfidious mistress and my rival.—I did not stay to communicate my design to St. Sorlin, as Janneton and the abbot were going out of the room. I met them upon the stair-case; and, pretending to be in a great surprise, drew my sword.—Ah, knave, cried I, what happy fortune has thrown you in my way! I will have you hanged! It is the only satisfaction I wish for!

The abbot was so astonished at my discourse, that for some time he knew not how to answer me. You are mistaken, Sir, said he to me, I have not the honour  
of



of knowing you.—Not me, knave, replied I; I will make you know me, and return me, too, the jewel, of which you have lately robbed me!

Janneton, who was deeply interested in this affair, did not know me in the dress I then appeared in. St. Sorlin, who was present at this scene, kept silence, not being able to guess at my intentions. The master of the house, being alarmed at the noise, came to see what was the matter, and was surprised to find me with my drawn sword in my hand. What is the matter? said he. Matter enough, replied I: This villain, a few days ago, robbed me of a jewel worth a thousand crowns. By this time, not only the people of the house, but a number of others were assembled: What proof have you, said they, that this gentleman has robbed you? What proof! replied I, that of the loss of my diamond; but, to convince you that I do not accuse him falsely, I consent to be carried to prison with him, and to be punished if I do not prove what I have asserted.

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These last words made the abbot tremble, as he would have rather given half he was worth than have gone to prison. He doubted not but that I was a sharper, who, under the pretence of having been robbed, was endeavouring to make a dupe of him; and, I believe, had a thousand crowns then been in his pocket, he would have given them all to me, to have got out of so troublesome an affair. — I think, said the abbot, we had better retire into a private apartment, where, I make no doubt, we shall settle matters to our mutual satisfaction. —

I saw very well what the abbot was aiming at; and, as the matter was now become serious, I was glad of an opportunity of putting an end to it. I accepted the offer, and St. Sorlin, the abbot, Janneton, and myself, entered into one of the apartments. Scarce were we got there, when the abbot put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out a handful of money. Here, Sir, said he, is all I have about me. — If you meet with many such days as these, you will soon grow rich — all that I  
desire

I desire of you is, that as you go out you will proclaim my innocence, by declaring your own mistake.

It is not your money, replied I, that I want; it is the jewel of which you have robbed me! The abbot seeing I was not yet content, drew out his watch, and put it on the table—There, Sir, said he to me, is all I have about me, take it, and let us put an end to this troublesome affair.

While we were speaking, Janneton examined me very attentively; and, as the room, in which we then were, was much lighter than the stair-case, she began to think she knew me: She was not, however, perfectly clear in this, till, having pity upon the poor abbot, —*There*, (said I to him, pointing to Janneton) *is the diamond of which you have robbed me!* —At these words my rival was struck motionless, and Janneton bowed her head, with her eyes fixed to the earth. — I see, replied I, after having thus cleared up this matter, you will easily pardon the fear I have caused you; and, entirely to dispel

dispel it, I give you my word of honour, I will never disclose this disagreeable adventure.—I then prayed the abbot to accompany me to the door, where having acquitted him of the accusation, by acknowledging my own mistake, I took leave of him, and returned to Paris with St. Sorlin, who was infinitely delighted with this adventure.

The time being now come, when I was to join my regiment, I prepared to set out for Germany. St. Sorlin accompanied me ten leagues out of Paris, and took leave of me with regret. After fourteen days, I arrived at Strasbourg, at which place I made a halt for a week, and then set out for Loutrebourg, where our regiment was in garrison. A few days after I had entered on my employment, our regiment was ordered to join marshal de Talard, near Weisembourg; and as soon as the troops were collected together, we laid siege to Landau.

While we were besieging this place, advice was received, that the enemy were advancing to relieve it. The marshal,  
not



not judging it proper to wait for them in his camp, and to suffer them to approach his lines, marched as far as Spire, with one half of his troops, to meet them, having left the other half to carry on the siege. He offered battle to the Imperialists, which they accepted; and, in the end, they retired in the greatest confusion. After this exploit, the marshal returned before Landau, which, in a few days after, surrendered.

The general, having given the necessary orders on the reduction of this place, penetrated further into Germany, traversed a part of Bavaria, and joined marshal de Villeroi. Some time after this, the two marshals lost the famous battle of Hocsted, when the regiment I belonged to was very roughly handled, and I had the misfortune to be taken prisoner. I was conducted into Holland, with other officers who met with the same fate.

My condition appeared hard to me for the first month; but having procured assistance from my friends, I began to

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console

console myself under my misfortunes. I had the city of Amsterdam for my prison; and I employed my time in visiting every thing that was remarkable.

I went one day to the Jews Synagogue, which is a very fine building. Among all the Jewesses, which I stayed to see come out of it, the beauty of one effaced the lustre of gold and diamonds. I followed her, without knowing what I did, till she entered a house, which removed her from my sight. Full of the remembrance of my adoreable Israelite, I returned to my lodgings; all my endeavours to meet with her again were to no purpose: I pined away some days in despair, and, in the nights, sleep was a stranger to my eyes.

CHAP.



## CHAP. XI.

*Turenne, having disguised himself, gains admittance to an interview with the mistress of his heart, who, at last, suspects the truth of his pretensions, and resolves, if possible, to discover the cheat.*

LOVE had now made me bold, and I was determined to sacrifice every thing to the object in view: I was resolved to enquire who she was, and what was her name. In this resolution I left my lodgings at nine in the morning, and went into a coffee-house opposite where my mistress lived. I here learned that her name was Rebecca, and that she was the only daughter of a rich Jew; that she was born and educated at Venice (to which place they were speedily to return) and was remarkably fond of drawing and reading. As I thought it might be dangerous to be too inquisitive at first, I

contented myself with this information, and returned to my lodgings; where I soon formed the design of introducing myself to the beautiful Rebecca, under the pretence of being a dealer in French and Italian prints and drawings.

Having furnished myself with every thing proper for my pretended profession, I found no great difficulty, under such disguise, of gaining admittance to the house of my beautiful mistress. Being introduced into the hall, I found her, by the side of her father, amusing herself with drawing of flowers. My confusion and fear on seeing her, are not to be expressed; and, if Rebecca had spoken to me at my first entering the hall, I doubt much whether I should have been able at any rate to have answered her; but, luckily for me, I was desired to sit down for a minute or two, when the young lady would be ready to treat with me.

Having finished what she was about, I was desired to produce my merchandize, which I readily obeyed. After having examined all my prints, and taken out  
what



what she liked, she asked what original drawings I had. I then produced some of my own, which I had done for this purpose; the performance of which was by no means contemptible:—Drawing had been one of my principal amusements; and, as I had generally employed my leisure hours in imitating the best masters, what I produced fell but little short of the productions of the best performers. Rebecca, as she had seen the works of the greatest artists, and was herself an excellent judge, soon perceived the merit of those which now lay before her. Pray, said she, whose drawings are these? Mine, madam, replied I. What, said she, are they your works!—If so, you must positively be my tutor!—If you will come an hour or two every day, during my stay at Amsterdam, and teach me, you shall have whatever you demand for your trouble.—Here are ten Pistoles for the prints I have now taken.

As I had been more than an hour with my dear Jewess, I thought it would be prudent to retire, which I did, after

having taken leave of her, and promised to return the next day according to her orders.

Upon my arrival at my lodgings, I gave myself up to the most pleasing reflections: I could not help flattering myself, that, as I had been so fortunate in the beginning of my amours, fortune would at last crown me with success, whatever difficulties I should meet with in the execution of my schemes. I was so elated with my success, that I seemed to want neither victuals, drink, or sleep, but waited with impatience for the approach of that moment, in which I was to return to the darling of my heart.

The happy hour at last came, when I hastened to my dear Rebecca, whom I found ready for my instructions. I employed my time so advantageously while I was with her, as gave me room to think I had made some impression on her heart, without her being sensible of any such thing. After having practised for more than an hour under my directions, she retired, with one of her maids, to her dressing

dressing room, leaving me and her father together. He was a man of genius, and much better learned than most of his nation are. Our conversation turned suddenly on the sciences: He was much surpris'd at my answers, but much more so when he found I understood Hebrew, and had read most of the books of the Rabbins. The conversation that pass'd between us, acquired me the friendship of Isaac Meio, for such was his name. Every time I went to give his daughter a lesson, I was sure to find him there, when he generally took the opportunity of conversing with me on the excellency of the Hebrew authors. Rebecca was generally present at our discourse, and, when it happened to fall on any of those languages with which she was acquainted, she always displayed a great share of sound sense and solid reasoning: She was one of those who despis'd balls and assemblies, and never thought herself more happy than when she was improving her mind, by acquiring the knowledge of the sciences.

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One month slipped away without making any material alterations in my affairs, except that of compleating the friendship of Isaac Meio, who now seemed greatly to delight in conversing with me on every subject. I frequently passed whole days with Rebecca, to whom (I could plainly discover by the sighs that escaped her) I was by no means indifferent.

My obliging manners, and polite and affable air, and the moments of melancholy in which she sometimes discovered me, began to make her suspect I was not what I passed for. Curiosity, or rather a desire she knew not how to account for, determined her to endeavour to discover the truth. She did not suppose that love was the cause of my disguise; but that some misfortune or other had obliged me to it. If Marin, said she (for that was the name by which I passed) was amorous of any woman in France, why should he fly from her? Why should he come into a strange country? Certainly, some affair has obliged him to disguise himself, and  
has



has hindered him from drawing those succours from his friends, of which he has need. After all, it may be just as he has said, and I am raising doubts to myself without any just reason; but, be that as it may, I am determined to be satisfied in this affair.



## CHAP. XII.

*Which closes the memoirs of our hero, and leaves him in the lawful possession of the truly amiable Rebecca.*

REBECCA having taken the resolution to enquire whether I was really what I passed for, soon discovered, by the assistance of one of her servants, where I lodged. She then sent to enquire of my landlord, whether any such person as a picture merchant lodged in his house, and received for answer, that no such person lodged there; that he had in his house only his own family and a French officer,

officer, whose name was Turenne, and who had been taken-prisoner at the battle of Hocsted. He described me so perfectly, that she made no doubt that the officer and the print-seller were one person. This discovery opened her eyes, and though she was vexed at being thus deceived, yet she could not but pardon me, when she considered the stratagem I had made use of to introduce myself to her.

Rebecca was at a loss how to proceed in this matter: The more she thought of it, the more it perplexed her: Her duty to her father forbade her to conceal it—to disclose it was, perhaps, dangerous to her own peace and repose. While Rebecca was thus agitated with different ideas, I entered her chamber, not knowing any thing of what had passed; The sight of me added to her confusion, and it was impossible for me not to observe it. I perceive, said I, that you are busy, and that I am come in a wrong time to give you a lesson: No, no, replied Rebecca, I am  
glad

glad to see you here; for I was just thinking of you. Of me! replied I; am I so happy as to be sometimes in your remembrance? Cease, replied Rebecca, these compliments which I by no means merit: Let me beg of you to answer me sincerely one question: Pray, what was it that brought you to Amsterdam? As these words were accompanied with a very serious look, and a blush on her cheeks, I plainly perceived my secret was discovered: I threw myself at the feet of my beautiful Jewels. — Oh! said I to her, I must confess my crime; but if you will not forgive me I shall die with grief.—Love has forced me to have recourse to artifice.—This method seemed best to suit me, and most likely to obtain me the happiness of seeing you: You are sensible, however, notwithstanding the violence of my passion, I have carefully concealed it; nor should I ever have broke silence, had you not thus forced it from me, which may perhaps cost me my life.—Yes, dear Rebecca, continued I, after this declaration made,  
I can

I can no longer dissemble.—I do not ask you to love me ; I am not vain enough to hope for that : I only beseech you, that you will suffer me in your presence, and I solemnly swear, that I will impose on my lips the profoundest silence.

While I thus spoke, Rebecca appeared plunged in a deep *reverie*, and was so perplexed, that it was some time before she perceived me at her knees. Rise ! (said she to me at last) and be contented with my granting what you ask. You may love me, continued she, you have told me so yourself ; but you are a man descended from a noble family, and devoted to the service of your country : You are lastly a Catholic, and I am a Jewess, the daughter of an excessive rich man, but who is nothing more than a merchant : It is impossible you can ever force these strong barriers that are placed between you and me ! Ah ! replied I, none of those obstacles you have yet mentioned can oppose my happiness : They are more easily to be surmounted  
than



than you seem to imagine: Your virtues, riches and talents, far over-balance my being descended from noble parents; and as to difference in points of religion, dear Rebecca, love is of all professions. Though I should, replied she, enter into your views, regardless of paternal duty, my father, who is a zealous Jew, will never suffer me to change my religion; and if, without his consent, I should take any rash step, he would never more own me for his child: Thus I should bring you nothing in marriage, which might any ways make up the deficiency in my birth: But to what end serve these chimerical questions! It is to no purpose to flatter you with imaginary hope. Absence may effectually efface me from your remembrance; for which reason I think I shall do you a service in forbidding you my presence. I must then, replied I, expire at your feet with grief, that you may be witness of my death, which you have occasioned! I then threw myself at the knees of Rebecca, and taking hold of one of her

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beautiful hands, fixed it between mine :  
By the name, said I, of every thing that  
is dear to you ; by the name of your  
father, and of that religion which is so  
precious to you, do not force me from  
you, but be moved by the tears of an  
unfortunate lover !

As Rebecca was going to answer me,  
we heard somebody coming up stairs.  
Here is my father coming, said she,  
recover yourself, and let him not discover  
your disorder. These last words of my  
dear mistress restored me in an instant to  
my former serenity, and I gladly obeyed  
her orders.

For several days I most punctually  
kept my word with Rebecca, and never  
mentioned one single word to her, with  
respect to my passion : It is true, my  
eyes spoke the language of my heart,  
which was plainly perceived by my beau-  
tiful Jewess : She herself would some-  
times for a moment fall into a *reverie*,  
when a sigh would accidentally escape  
her. I took all possible care to please  
her, and regulated my conduct agree-  
able

able to that of a tender and passionate lover.

While I was thus making a hasty progress in the heart of my Rebecca, I was no less increasing the friendship of her father. One day, after having been a long time with him in his study, when the subject of our conversation had turned principally upon Abarbanel's explanation of the book of Job, I confessed to him, that all the Christian commentators fell far short of this learned Israelite, who was his favourite author. Do you think, said he to me, as you speak? taking me by my hand.—If that be the case, continued he, you are already half a Jew; and what can hinder you from becoming one entirely? I am excessively rich myself, and have an only daughter; who, I believe, is not indifferent to you, and who will think herself happy in the enjoyment of a husband, who possesses so much virtue and merit as you do. From that day, on which you become a Jew, I shall consider her as your wife. This discourse struck me dumb for a time: I could

not help reflecting on the step I was going to take; and, in spite of all the love, with which my heart was smitten, I could not help shuddering at the thoughts of this criminal revolt:—But all reflection was in vain; and the violence of my passion carrying every thing before it, I was determined to accept the offer of Isaac Meio. —At the end of eight days I embraced the Jewish religion.

Rebecca was not at all surpris'd at these proceedings, as it was nothing more than what she expected: She pretended to disapprove my conduct; but, in truth, it was the happy moment she had long wish'd for, in which I was to conquer the only obstacle that oppos'd our union.

As I was well known at Amsterdam, and as I judg'd it not proper to let Isaac Meio be acquainted with my parentage, I desired him to keep secret my change of religion. My design, replied he, is to let no one know that you are a Jew, till we arrive at Venice:—Then calling Rebecca, see (said he, presenting me to her) a man, whom I recommend  
to



to you for a husband; and whom, I believe, you will not refuse: He is now a Jew, compleat his happiness, and love him tenderly. Rebecca answered her father by a modest silence, which gave consent.

A few days after, we set out for Venice; where, on our arrival, I professed Judaism, and our nuptials were celebrated.

Having married my adoreable Rebecca, I thought there was no necessity for any longer concealing my parentage; I therefore confessed who I was. Fear not, said I to him, that I shall ever regret either my family or my country; I have found in you and my wife a thousand times more than I have lost. The secret you have disclosed to me, replied Isaac Meio, augments my esteem for you; nor do I in the least suspect your integrity.

Though I was very well persuaded of the falsity of the Jewish religion, I always appeared very well attached thereto. However, the more I studied it, the more I perceived its errors. Heaven, at last, had

had pity on my folly, and removed out of this world Isaac Meio. He was truly mourned for both by me and Rebecca, nor was it without the greatest grief we survived the loss of him.

As the time was now come, when I had no longer occasion to disguise my true sentiments of religion, I employed all my care in convincing Rebecca of the errors of Judaism, in which both of us lived: My admonitions produced a wonderful effect. Rebecca, who was a woman of the most refined sense, soon saw and acknowledged the truth of what I advanced, and was desirous of becoming a Christian. We collected all our riches together, and presently afterwards set out for France, where we bought very considerable landed estates, and where we now live in the enjoyment of every happiness that two mortals can wish for.

As soon as we were arrived in my own country, I made my relations acquainted with all my adventures, who were very uneasy to know what was become of me. They easily pardoned the faults I had committed,

committed, in consideration of the immense wealth I brought with me, and on my sincere return to the true religion. As to my friend St. Sorlin, I handsomely rewarded him for all the favours he had done me, by making his happiness a part of my own.

Thus have we endeavoured to give a faithful translation of the Life and Amours of Count de Turenne; but how far we may have therein succeeded, or how worthy it may appear of being rendered into English, it is the reader must determine. It is necessary, however, to be observed, that we by no means countenance, or recommend to the practice of our readers, the libertine principles which this piece contains; and, though we know not for certain the French writer's intention in publishing the original, yet we cannot but be of opinion, that he intended to satyrize the levity and inconstancy of youth in the character of Turenne, the odiousness of gallantry and coquetry in the person of the Countess of Normandy,

Normandy, and the infidelity and ungenerousness of many in the gay and youthful Janneton: On the other hand, the inestimable value of a good friend eminently appears in the counsels of St. Sorlin; and, in the character of Rebecca, we see drawn, in the strongest colours, (Heaven's choicest work!) a good and virtuous woman; who, despising the trifles and gauds so assiduously sought after by many of her sex, made the pursuit of science her principal delight.



**F I N I S.**



